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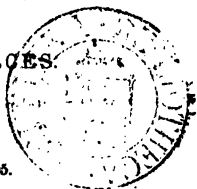






**Morbida,**  
OR,  
**PASSION PAST,**  
  
**AND OTHER POEMS;**

FROM THE  
  
CYMRIC AND OTHER SOURCES.



"Morbidus ær." — *Lucr.* vi. 1095.  
"Inde, ubi . . . . . pectus complerat, et ipsum  
Morbida vis in cor mosatum confluerat ægris;  
Omnia tum vero vitæ claustra lababant." — 1149.  
"Who loves, raves — 'tis youth's frenzy."  
"And spake of passions, but of passion past."  
"Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
His heart is fracted and corroborate."

LONDON  
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY CONDUIT STREET  
HANOVER SQUARE.  
1854.

**"LET us do right, and whether happiness come or unhappiness is no very mighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligibly just. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we *are*, and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good, and steady scorn of evil. The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives. . . . Only to those who have the heart to say, we can do without that, it is not what we ask or desire, is there no secret. Man will have what he deserves, and will find what is really best for him, exactly as he honestly seeks for it."**—*Westminster Review*, Oct. 1853, p. 440.

## PREFACE.

---

SOME of these poems, the "Morbida,"\* appear to be passages from a fictitious autobiography, supposed utterances of an imaginary "passion." The title might be translated, "Love-Ghosts; or, Evil Imaginations." The word "Ghosts" suggests the theme and characteristics of these strains; the ideal, the departed; the something grave and the something grotesque. The "Cymric" element perhaps implies something barbaric.

The sentiment, even in its most grotesque expression, may, possibly, be recognised among the experiences of some of "us that are young;" though we now speak like Polonius†; and look back upon

---

\* Adj. plur.

† "He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this."

our "salad days\*"; and "visions"† which we "do despise."‡

It may be said that there is more "evil" than "imagination" here. There is some imagination in one sense; and things which may be supposed to be personal may be but imaginarily so; or if there be any real nucleus, it may be but a minute or remote one.

"Imogen" (a merely poetical name) may stand for Image, *Eidolon*, Idol. "We know that an idol is nothing in the world."

Some things will probably be identified, as things which ingenious persons can see very plainly, but

\* "My salad days  
When I was green in judgment:— cold in blood,  
To say as I said then!"—*Ant. and Cleop.*

† "What visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd"—*Mids. N. D.*

‡ "I have long dream'd 'of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;  
But, being awake, I do despise my dream."—2 *K. H.* 4.

which *I* could not identify, and of the existence of which *I* am not aware. If there be one word which may seem interpretable into any reflection or allusion calculated to cause personal annoyance, I am unconscious of it: the offence is as involuntary and imaginary as to do any such thing would be unfair — I need not seek a stronger word.

Most of these pieces were written long ago. I am quite aware that it is no reasonable plea to state that they were written very rapidly; but I venture to mention the fact, as it is a kind of excuse. The second, third, fourth, and fifth poems were written in about a dozen nights; and some of the others, of considerable length, at a single sitting each. Several are unfinished, almost all unpolished, and some much mutilated also.

I am conscious that I ought to endeavour to amend much of what I now commit to the press, and not to “shoot” these clearings of my desk there; but I do not think it worth while to expend any pains upon such materials. I fear it would be in vain to try to

make these compositions worth much: "the foundations are too sandy." I may have no further opportunity of essaying any literary work.

The poems from the "Cymric," "Spanish," and "Portuguese" were *translated* in imitation of Mrs. Browning's "from the Portuguese."

1854.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
ON AN IMAGINARY PORTRAIT . . . . .	1
MOONLIGHT . . . . .	9
THE MOUNTAINS . . . . .	16
DREAMS . . . . .	30
THE IVORY GATE . . . . .	61
ITALIA . . . . .	73
ITALY . . . . .	80
FRAGMENT ("That might be inspiration") . . . . .	98
FRAGMENT ("I'd give thee gifts of God") . . . . .	99
FRAGMENT (—"To have won") . . . . .	100
"SIGHING LIKE FURNACE" . . . . .	101
BOSALIND . . . . .	106
BOSALIE . . . . .	116
LINES FOUND ON A FELO-DE-SE . . . . .	130
"MORE THAN CONQUEROR" . . . . .	133
THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT . . . . .	139

	PAGE
CHRISTMAS . . . . .	141
THE MARTYRS . . . . .	143
POPES AND PRINCES . . . . .	148
FANATISM . . . . .	152
THE VALLEY . . . . .	157
FROM THE PORTUGUESE . . . . .	166

### ERRATA.

- Page iii, line 11, *read* expression, or "very near this,"† may, &c  
,, iii, last line, *read* we now look back half oblivious upon  
,, iv, line 12, *read* identified by ingenious persons who can see  
things very plainly which *I* could not see, and of &c.  
,, v, line 16, *read* unfinished, and some much mutilated.  
,, vi, *read* 1853.  
,, 12, line 15, *for* but is she *read* unless she's  
,, 64, note †, *read* (*Dames Galantes*)  
,, 91, line 9, *read* He 'shapes our ends' to His.  
,, 94, note \*, *read* inconceivable  
,, 104, line 20, *for* future *read* newborn  
,, 118, line 4, *for* there *read* though  
,, 121, line 7, *read* bliss like  
,, 150, line 13, *read* Mænad  
,, 160, line 1, *for* still to soar through *read* the deep sense of  
,, 160, line 2, *dele* ?  
,, 167, line 22, *dele* comma.



## On an Imaginary Portrait,

BY R. A.

---

“Cet amour . . . . sera aussi durable qu'il a été subit et irréfléchi. J'ai à peine vu vos traits, je ne sais rien de votre vie ; mais j'ai senti que mon âme vous appartenait, et que je ne pourrais jamais la reprendre.”—GEORGE SAND, *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt*.

Is there a tint of grief\* on face so fair ?  
Is there a shade of sadness there ?—'tis thine,  
Thine—fair as fairest flowers of earth, and sweeter—  
Pale in the white light of ethereal heaven,  
And lit with the diviner life within.

- \* “Upon her face there was a tint of grief,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.”

BYRON, *The Dream*.

B

Is there a tear, or aught of earthly source,  
In all the dark depths of those heavenly eyes ?

'Tis, then, the sadness of a seraph, here  
Far from her native heaven, her only home ;  
Pitying the world she walks awhile and sees  
Too well : herself unseen, unfelt, unknown ;  
Pitying herself,\* if angels deign to feel.

'Tis not the tint of grief. 'Tis but the shade  
Of thought—what thought? Is aught unquiet there?  
Knows she unrest who, such unrest imparting,  
Seems still serene as heaven and pure and high ?

Breathes she her balmy maiden slumbers now  
Soft as the less sweet eglantine its sigh  
Through the wreathed window—now, when wan-  
dering airs

Float free — now, when the twining eglantine,  
That steals upon the rose, that scales the bower  
Where Fancy may not tread, its incense wafts  
To the lulled lovely, and the midnight moon,  
Pale as pale passion, pale and beautiful,  
Looks in, and lingers, and the folded flower  
In happy dreams exhales its secret sweets ?

\* “ J'ai pitié de moi-même.” — CORNEILLE. (*Corinne*,  
and “ *Quasimodo*,” ditto.)

•

Is there an hour when that fresh-budding breast  
Stirs with a waking sense of sweet unrest?  
Or is all sacred stillness there, the while  
One far from her, except in fitful dream,  
Fevered with beauty, throbs, and thrills, and ranges  
Through the wild darkness of the desert night,  
Through the wild visions of his haunted sleep?

Aught can she know of all that she has wrought?  
No dream has she of dreams like mine. I dreamt  
Of heart world-worn or sated, or, perchance,  
At last espoused to stern and lofty duty,  
Again impassioned, lured again — again  
The studious vigil broken, and the day —  
Day after day — “to-morrow and to-morrow” —  
With wasted years of long inglorious youth,  
Lapsing into the past eternity,  
And steps, that once were swift and steady, stayed  
On the high stormy path that should be scaled  
Up to the thunder-baffling alps of Mind,  
Up to the aim of that storm-cleaving flight  
That “struck the stars in rising.”

Starry sky !

Why are there tears on earth? The starlight dews  
Are tears of love.

What tears are thine? Are thine  
"Tears from the depths of some divine despair"  
Of heaven or kindred hearts of heavenly birth?  
What tears are thine, thou sweet pale child of earth  
With pure poetic face and ardent eye?  
Oh child! what lurks in those dark passionate eyes?  
What secret in the deep of that young heart,  
Beneath the beatings of the breast I dream  
Fair as the billowy foam and fresh and pure?

That liquid lustre is the light of youth,  
And not the light of tears: 'tis but the dew  
Of this thy morning hour. There is no stain  
Of tears on thee. No stain—no, not a tear's—  
Is on that holy face; nor will I deem  
That thou, more precious, art in aught less pure  
Than "one entire and perfect chrysolite!"

None know thee but to love thee: none once thine  
Could e'er be lost to thee. Nor can it be  
That thou—that ever thou——Away the thought!

There would be tears from heavenly eyes for thee.  
There would be tears from sterner eyes for thee;  
To whom the homage of high hearts is due;

At whose one look of sadness seems romance  
To start to life, old chivalry, to arms.

Tears! — be they still unshed — those priceless pearls,  
Which tears of blood should ransom, shed like water.  
Thine be all other gems of light! and thine  
Such blessing as to one thou once wilt be!

. . . . .  
I gaze, and turn away. I know not why.  
It is in vain to gaze.

Thou art so like  
The beauteous and beloved of my thought —  
The one once seen — I know not where — the seen  
Once, and so long ago, and sought so long,  
And never seen again — never again,  
By day or dreamless night, till now — and now  
Once, and perchance no more; for thou art past;  
And I will hope no more, and think no more.  
'Tis vain. There is no Beatrice on earth,  
And I am not of heaven.

Art thou? Art thou,  
Thou dark-eyed lady of the sweet, strange look  
Of liquid fire and maiden meditation,  
Of mingled mind and heart, and soul and sense,  
Genius and passion, thought and tenderness?

. . . . .  
 I turn away. I leave thee. Cease, oh! cease,  
 Thought of her beauty! vision of her love!

. . . . .  
 That may not be. That must not. — No! not *thee*!  
 If — but away! and be thou ever like  
 Thy holy look, and like thy virgin voice,  
 Which is thy look made vocal by the mind.  
 I may not think it—must not. I can but  
 Adore thee and profane thee. If I think,  
 'Tis profanation.

Therefore now no more  
 Shall thought of thee inhabit heart like mine.  
 Therefore farewell! for ever fare thee well!

. . . . .  
 Yet, art thou like thy look, all innocence,  
 Unconscious of the warmth? \* I know thou art  
 Poetic, as thy beauty is, a child  
 Of mind, of genius: art thou child in heart?  
 Is passion still but poetry to thee,  
 And love but some sweet mystery or myth?

That look—it is a look of love. That look

\* "She knows the heat —" *Much Ado*, iv. 1.

Shall haunt me long. Her look shall haunt wild  
nights,  
And haunt all day-dreams; through the quick blood  
thrilling,  
And through the heaving heart, and to the mind,  
That surges to the heart, with thronging thoughts.  
For I shall think of thee; for that I must.  
And I must think, or dream, that *thou art there*.  
And I will call another, "*Imogen*."

. . . . .  
One moment yet!—

To have thee all mine own —  
Thy life, thy love, beloved as thou art!  
To find thee what I see thee now!—to know  
That thou at last art all indeed I sought!  
To find my life of life in thee, and find,  
Far over all, the bliss of blessing thee—  
The tears that charge that drooping maiden eye  
Shed in sweet pangs of gushing tenderness,  
Or stanch'd by lips as warm, and that dear head,  
In dreamy languor softly lying, lulled,  
While placid sleep comes o'er thee, on the heart  
That long has throbb'd for thee, its own, unknown,  
Its own in hope's fond prescience. All that heart's  
Best part has still been thine, thine still should be—

That heart so long so weary of the love  
That is not love, of lips that are not thine,  
Of arduous days and loveless nights, and nights  
Of love that is not thine, or mine—that heart  
Now wearying of itself, and of its lot,  
Of aimless passion, and of quenchless love ;  
Of thoughts and aspirations all unshared,  
Of strife, of pride, and the proud, cold self-strength  
Still sterner in its soaring—gaining power,  
And losing love, and striving to contemn.  
It should be thine — 'tis not : it yet is mine —  
That heart its love-pangs striving to contemn,  
Perhaps in vain ; but striving still ; and soon  
Stemming its eddies, and superior soon,  
O'er all the visions it evokes, or sees  
As thee, fair girl, I see ; and thou art but  
A passing vision, by the heart arrayed  
In the heart's hues.

It is but all in vain.

'Tis but a beauteous vision. Fare thee well !

## Moonlight.

---

“The moment he got home, the weight of his reflections returned upon him but so much the heavier. . . . He became pensive,—walked frequently forth to the fish-pond,” &c.  
—*Tristram Shandy*.

“Je suis vaincu, ma force est brisée, mon activité, mon zèle, mon enthousiasme pour l'œuvre à laquelle je me suis voué, tout jusqu'au sentiment du devoir, est anéanti en moi,”  
—GEORGE SAND.

It was for one angelic face that I  
Swept with my wandering, weary gaze the sky.  
She raises it; it rises on me now—  
Sweet, pale, poetic face, and pensive brow.

I sought but her in heaven: it is the moon,  
Belated rising; still a welcome boon.

Through the green gloom, the verdant darkness round,  
 Her glances gleam o'er all th' enchanted ground.  
 Now where its shade the laurel thicket weaves  
 Glimmers the moonlight in the glittering leaves :  
 Soft solace to the fevered spirit's night  
 Of dreams, now dark, now passionately bright.

Forth on the garden sward I step, and there,  
 In the deep odours of the midnight air,  
 I stand, and stray in vision through the shades,  
 O'er the park prairies, down the fleckered glades,  
 Where the white moonlight plays, and dreams may  
     pass  
 Titania\* on the fairy-haunted grass.

On such a night†—Again I dream it all  
 I see the wild sea-banks, the Trojan wall.  
 I turn, and look ; and now 'tis Cumnor Hall.‡

\* "There sleeps Titania, some time of the night."

† "The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this," &c.

‡ "The dews of summer night did fall ;  
     The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
     Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
     And many an oak that grew thereby."—MICKLE.

"The first stanza especially had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear of the author, the force of which is not even now entirely spent."—SCOTT.

And now the moonlight gleams on lake, on brook ;  
Now glances on the hoar accustom'd oak.

Fair scene, and holy hour — How many a night  
Here have I walked in thoughts of shade or light —  
Here, where my childhood's, lovehood's home I find —  
Haunts heart-known all, all in and *of* my mind —  
And where the loves and fond familiar hours  
Of ages past have hallowed halls and bowers,  
And generations whence I drew my birth  
Have passed from these their deepening shades to earth,  
Here, where the steps of thought evoke, from years  
Long, long departed, echoes sweet as tears ;  
Where they whose love has been, and still will be,  
My very home, have shared the past with me —  
Their home, and once, too, *theirs* who now no more  
Shall meet me here, though I their paths explore ;  
With whom once more to-night I seem to stand,  
Here, in the moonlight, in the Silent Land ;  
Who never more on me their looks shall shed,  
Unless with them I learn that land to tread —  
The land that lies beyond the realm of sleep,  
The lawns and glades beyond th' eternal deep.

And here at last I stand again, alone  
In the sweet stillness, all the hour my own.

And the night-air seems balm, breathed like the flow  
Of whispered words of blessing, soft as low,  
On the worn cheek and on the throbbing brow.  
And here among the woods, and hills, and stars,  
I bring my burning heart, with all its wars —  
Torn heart, that lies and pants for some sweet  
spring,

Chased down ; and now a wilder, fiercer thing  
That beats its breaking bars with bleeding wing.  
All still the same serene and sacred home,  
Far other in my secret self I come ;  
With heart on fire for Her — unstayed, unblest  
In the sweet scene of beauteous, blissful rest ;  
Nor blest to be — no, not in yon bright sky,  
Nor brightest isle of yon blue depths on high,  
Nor in the Third of heavens, (but is she there ?  
And in the body ?—for it is so fair)—  
No, not with aught that lies before me here,  
Or in Third heaven, which is not now her sphere,  
Nor aught in other heaven than that sweet nest  
Where now she lies, in soft and snowy rest,  
Calm, clear, and pure, unrippled by a dream,  
Or bright with heaven, as sleeps the starry stream.

Yet will she wake ; and once that breast will stir.  
Oh for the spell, and that first hour of her !—

For that one hour!— For that thing I would live,  
 And die, nor ask if Heaven have more to give!  
 How happy, so to sleep the sleep; like Faith,  
 Imparadised in love and heavenly death!

When dies the day, in car of fire descending —  
 Heaven all its hues with earth in passion blending,  
 The sun still kindling high and sinking low  
 In the sweet West's expectant, deepening glow,  
 Forth flinging lightnings through the fair, flushed sky,  
 Like shafts of song from burning vate on high —  
 Where walks the one that haunts the hour with spell,  
 The lady of the sunset, Isabel? \*

\* "There late was One, within whose subtle being,  
 As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
 That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
 Genius and death contended. None may know  
 The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
 Fail like the trances of the summer air,  
 When with the lady of his love, who then  
 First knew the unreserve of mingled being,  
 He walked," &c.

"Is it not strange, Isabel, said the youth,  
 I never saw the sun? We will walk here  
 To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me.  
 That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
 In love and sleep — but when the morning came  
 The lady found her lover dead and cold."— SHELLEY.

How, while I watch away the lingering light,  
Day after day, along the distant height,  
Down the deep West, that as with hectic rose,  
Or strewn with fallen flowers of Eden, glows,  
How broods my spirit o'er the thoughts so rife,  
O'er the lost hours of lapsing youth and life  
(All hours but lost that are not hours with thee)—  
Lost, lost to love (but there's eternity)!

And then it languishes, the day so bright,\*  
Into the twilight, into summer night.  
And the night dawns upon the rising heart  
With starry looks that gleams of Her impart.  
And the night-flower its soft, voluptuous sigh  
Breathes through the window — and she is not by.

But when at last the panting spirit fails,  
And the deep influence of the hour prevails,  
Then is she still my own — she then is there —  
She, or some angel more than angel fair.  
And there she lies, and breathes, and murmurs low—  
She stirs not; but she sleeps not — Is it so?

- \* "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky."— HERBERT.

Ah ! this must be a dream ! the spell will break.  
She stirs — she murmurs — and I start awake.

And the pale moon, that long in heaven has strayed,  
Gleams like a spirit through the whispering shade.  
And the dim scene seems now, and is to me,  
A world of spirit, and I breathe it free ;  
And on its fair unearthly face I dwell,  
And in that beauty half forget this spell.  
And in that light I rise from earth again,  
And gaze on heaven—but where is Imogen ?

## The Mountains.

---

“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.”

WHERE is the calm that here I thought to find?  
 Where is the lull of heart, the heaven of mind?  
 I want long leisure, pure, unhaunted, free,  
 I want my time, which is eternity.  
 I want the calm that mirrors stars of thought,  
 Long leisure for the much that must be wrought;  
 Time for the subjugation of my heart,  
 Time for my mission (for I have a part).  
 I must achieve my victory again,  
 And repossess myself. I knew to reign.  
 I would not yet lie down to weep away\*  
 Life that should still be borne — perhaps it may.

- \* “Yet now despair itself is mild,  
     Even as the winds and waters are;  
 I could lie down like a tired child,  
     And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear.” — SHELLEY.

I seek the mountains. Where the mountains rise \*  
Rises my heart, and swells, and not with sighs.  
Wild, vast, eternal, like the heart, and drear,  
The hills swell storm-like, and it rises here ;  
As where the ocean breaks with sullen roar,  
Sweet to my spirit, on a lonely shore,  
I seek the hills ; and there my head I lay  
On the green moss, or on the ruins gray,  
Where the cairn-stones on warrior's grave are cast,  
Or the hoar rocks lie scattered on the waste.

How have I longed for this—a summer day,  
Alone among the mountains, far away—  
No thing of life around, save scattered flocks  
On the hill-side, no echo but the rock's !

No echo from the hollow world shall here  
Mock the free thoughts that breathe a higher sphere.  
None from the world that lies so far below  
Shall mock the voices of the mountain now.  
No echo to my thought its tone imparts—  
None but the mountain's — and, alas ! my heart's.  
The hills are here, and heaven, as when I came  
Long years ago — eternal and the same —

\* “ Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends.”

BYRON.

C

The hills and heaven, that seem alike untrod,  
The everlasting hills, the heaven of God—  
The same ; but I am not. That time is past.  
Ah ! I am weaker than my heart at last.

Oh mountains of my fathers ! take me ! take  
Back from the world this heart that will not break !  
Hills of the heroes ! stormy hills of Wales !  
Home that the proud, the free, the fallen hails !  
Back to your bosom take me !—be it bleak—  
Child of your chieftains, I your shelter seek ;  
Weary and wounded, the deep heart laid bare,  
Self-haunted to the wild deer's mountain lair :  
Still self-beset and bayed by passions here,  
Where the fleet spirit of the free breathes freer  
Breathes purer air, and loftier life, and well  
Can bide, and scorns the man-hounds and their yell ;  
And "struck," perchance by some fair Oread's dart,  
"Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart."  
Enfold me in your gorges ! have ye not,  
In all your wilds, wide hills, some sacred spot,  
Where one may lie, nor other ever tread,  
And heath and berries\* hide and deck the bed,

\* "Saying moreover, Isabel my sweet !  
Red whortle-berries droop above my head, &c."—KEATS.

Where, worn and weary, come at last to dwell,  
 "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;"  
 Sleeps well, and wakes not to the world of men,  
 Nor dreams fair face nor tender voice again;\*  
 Where the wild winds of heaven shall oft come o'er,  
 And man or indignation† never more?

. . . . .  
 But that were to resign her — to resign  
 Her who must yet, must here, on earth, be mine.  
 To die were to resign that beauty of  
 Her body — earth made heaven, and made for  
     love;  
 To leave her in the body, leave unwon,  
 And not forget; for I should but dream on.  
 To die and to resign her — If I die,  
 I leave her, and her sweetness, and her sigh.  
 And that I cannot, that I would not — no!  
 Not for Arabian heaven in all its glow —

\* "Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! where the hunter's  
     dart has found me,  
 When a fair face and a tender voice had made me mad  
     and blind!"—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

† "Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit."  
   *Swift's epitaph.*

Heaven over heaven of houries, with the kiss  
Of ever ruddy, ever virgin bliss.  
Therefore I would not now from earth depart ;  
Therefore I live the life of earth and heart.  
I cannot die ; I cannot yet forego  
All hope of her, of dark-eyed heaven below.  
I *will* hope on, and dream her mine, my own —  
Body and soul — on earth and in th' unknown.

And now I know —— I know it now, when far —  
Far as from heaven, from her, my Morning Star.\*  
That 'twas but “ fate, a wayward fate ” — that she  
Had still a heart of hearts, and all for me.  
I know, but I must cease to think it. I  
Must yet fulfil my thought, or bid it die ;  
And hope that memory may with light depart,  
Nor haunt in darkness an undying heart ;  
And seek, through all the starless void of life,  
Through all the roar of passions, all the strife,  
Through the wild deep which I must still explore,  
Beyond the billows, some unbeaten shore.  
I ask but to forget. I ask no more —

\* “ Sing, my Morning Star !  
Last beautiful — last heavenly — that I loved !  
If I could drench thy golden locks with tears,  
What were it to this angel ? ” — E. BARRETT BROWNING.

Not the clear crystal stream of life divine,  
 Not the pure, golden, tideless hyaline,\*  
 But deep, dark-flowing Lethe's deadly water —  
 Sole true nepenthe. I in vain have sought her —  
 No Lethe thine, fair Leda's fairer daughter,†  
 Nor theirs that deem the great unfathomed  
     deep,  
 Dark in unheaving and unrippled sleep,  
 Eternal peace, at once our first and last,  
 Gleams with no star, and glasses not the past.

She must be mine. In her alone can I  
 Fulfil my thought. I must, before I die.

\* "And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.—*Rev.* iv. 6.

"And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—*Ibid.* xxi. 18.

"On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea."—MILTON.

"For the first face, beholding  
     The Christ's in its divine,—  
 For the first place, the golden  
     And tideless hyaline."—E. BARRETT BROWNING.

+ *Νη ενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπιληθον ὑπάντων.*  
*Od.* iv. 219.

One hour of life in all its sweetness\* must  
 Be mine while yet this heart is more than dust.†  
 In her alone can I be fully blest.  
 I know no heaven but on that heavenly breast.  
 And if I yet may know the heaven on high,  
 That star must light me to her native sky.

She, that Armide, that Circe, fair and fell,  
 She, that young dark-eyed lady, with her spell,  
 Her charm of "all that's best of dark and bright,"  
 Auroral locks, and eyes as black as night,  
 Far-floating tresses like the golden morn,  
 And glorious eyes, of starry midnight born —  
 Far-flowing tresses, waves of orient light,  
 And glorious eyes, the noon of starry night —  
 She, whom in morn and midnight dreams I see,  
 Star of the morn, and midnight star, to me—  
 That starlike beauty fraught with fire and light,  
 Now bright with mind, with flashing spirit bright,

\* "Non, mon doux ami! non! nous ne quitterons pas  
 cette courte vie sans avoir un instant goûté du bonheur."

*La Nouvelle Héloïse.*

† Ἡβώοις φιλε θυμέ· τάχ' ἂν τινες ἄλλοι ἔσονται  
 ἄνδρες· ἐγὼ δὲ θανὼν γαῖα μέλαιν' ἔσομαι.

*Theognis, 1229.*

Now half suffused with some soft glow of soul  
 (Ah! what was that rose-breathing thought, that stole  
 So subtle through her paler musing mood?)  
 Half blushing at the motion of her blood—  
 She, with those looks of light, love, tenderness,  
 That prove her power, and hint her will, to bless—\*  
 Looks—the dark gleams that, deeply dawning, own  
 So sweetly, that she feels herself alone,†  
 Looks—language of the flushing face ‡ that might  
 Reveal morn-hues of those full thoughts§ of night—

\* “All that the best can mingle and express  
 When two pure hearts are pour’d in one another,  
 And love too much, and yet can not love less;  
 But almost sanctify the sweet excess  
 By the immortal wish and power to bless.”—BYRON.

† “’Tis said in after times her spirit free  
 Knew what love was, and felt itself alone—  
 But holy Dian could not chaster be  
 Before she stooped to kiss Endymion,  
 Than now this lady.”—SHELLEY.

‡ “She had no companion of mortal race,  
 But her tremulous breath and her flushing face  
 Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,  
 That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise.”

SHELLEY.

§ “Ah me, how I could love!—My soul doth melt  
 For the unhappy youth—Love! I have felt

She, with her charm, her spell, her looks of love,  
Makes heaven, and bears the kindled heart above.  
She might inspire—'tis she might most inspire  
The poet's thoughts, the warrior-lover's fire ;\*  
And she the thoughts, the fire, might feel, might  
meet,

In deep reciprocation, keen as sweet.  
To her might love its very soul impart,  
In her expend the fever of the heart.

But can the vivid spirit sink to rest,  
In dim, soft dreams, upon a houri's breast ?  
Or must the burning heart be quenched in blood,  
Like sin—baptized in battle, flame, or flood—  
Unslaked, till sinks this life of flickering breath,  
That hovers o'er the black abyss of death ?

In war, where best and bravest fiercely press  
Far forward for the bloodiest death's embrace,

---

So faint a kindness, such a meek surrender  
To what my own full thoughts had made too tender."

KEATS.

- \* "Where longs to fall yon rifted spire,  
As weary of th' insulting air,—  
The poet's thoughts, the warrior's fire,  
The lover's sighs, are sleeping there."—LANGHORNE.

Where Honour with heroic blood abounds,  
And splendid gules, and constellated wounds,  
And the proud fallen wears the buckler riven  
Dyed with the star-bright heraldry of heaven—  
In battle, in the deep, high-kindled strife,  
The fiery spirit breathes its loftiest life.  
In the warm, ruddy strife of lips and hearts,\*  
With that fair foe arrayed in charms and arts,  
Victorious Love may breathe a brighter air,  
A loftier heaven than other heroes share ;  
A heavenlier heaven than Glory's, or than dreams  
Wild Islam's warrior in his dying gleams :  
There, sphere for deep desires and ardours high,  
The life, the death, which I would live and die.

In life with her, where all, now strife and pain,  
Might flow like some harmonious, heavenly strain,  
The soul that burns for her, and burns for heaven,  
So long in vain, might find what God has given ;  
And, as by angel-touch † sublimed and fired,  
Rise divinised, beatified, inspired :

\* "When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake!  
When move in a sweet body fit for life,  
And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife  
Of hearts and lips!"—KEATS.

† Isaiah vi. 6, 7.

Now like volcanic isle, with storm-beat steep,  
Far in the waste, wild, lone, eternal deep ;  
But born an element that must aspire,  
And soars and revels in the starry fire.  
So might I, in that better, brighter life,  
Find light where was but fire, and strength where  
    strife—

Some strength, some light, some pledge of loftier  
    birth,

While yet I lag in body, born of earth ;  
Born but to burn away, as soon it must,  
Soon to evanish, like a fire-sphere's crust,  
By the pent spirit scattered into dust ;  
So yet attain, and to the world and Time  
Impart, some far, fixed thought of starry clime,  
Ere this brief being sinks in the profound,  
In the black, billowy darkness surging round.  
So might I o'er this reeling, fleeting world  
Wave some bright banner\* never to be furled ;

- \* " Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd  
    Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."

MILTON.

" Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
    Streams like the thunder-storm, *against* the wind."

BYRON.

And cast a gleam through all the gloom o'er-  
spread,

A dying glory o'er my sinking head;  
Still, as I sink, far flinging beacon light,  
Of morning-red,\* adown the depths of night;  
And scattering far, with hopes of vernal birth,  
Some fiery ashes o'er the quickening earth.

. . . . .

So might I snatch from life one hour of spring—  
Time fleet as fair, that gleams with glancing  
wing

That bears away the bloom of each green year,  
And the sweet flower-time, that returns not here.

. . . . .

And have I learned at last that love may be  
The best, the fairest of my destiny,  
And, true to all my hope, in life, in death,  
Fulfil the heart's best, highest, dearest faith?

. . . . .

"Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,  
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,  
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head!"

SHELLEY.

\* Morgenroth."—GOETHE.

What cannot love? and what like love? Have I  
Aught fairer in my fate than now to die,  
In the first flush — *that* flush felt *there* alone —  
On her sweet bosom, were she once my own?  
Sighs not the soul — but once to breathe the air  
Of heaven, and die — to live, to die to her,  
To breathe away its all of being there?  
Fair fate, as conqueror's fall, or martyr's pyre!  
The high heart's tide, the champion spirit's fire,  
All that is best of earth or from above,  
Poured forth to her (and Heaven; for Heaven is  
love):

All that should shake the world with forceful sway,  
Wreaked on her beauty, passion's sweetest prey:  
No field — not Marathon, not Waterloo,  
Field fairer than her victor's; not the "new  
Thermopylæ," not glory's brightest hour,  
To hero as the midnight of the bower —  
Starred hour of mutual hearts — to Love, at last,  
Beyond all hope, redressed for all the past:  
A heaven beyond Hope's brightest, highest goal  
His, when love revels in her deep, sweet soul:\*

\* "Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core,  
All other depths are shallow."— KEATS.

And there the hero's, poet's high vocation  
Re-sanctified,\* in love's deep adoration,  
The heart's best incense, borne with her on high,  
Like lays of love and immortality.

- \* "He shall be great to sanctify the poet's high vocation,  
And bow the humblest Christian down to humbler  
adoration."—E. BARRETT BROWNING.

## Dreams.

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“Arrêtez. . . . et craignez la puissance de cette fatale passion qui vous a déjà fait tant de mal ; le mal qui vous viendra de ce côté-là est le seul au-dessus de vos forces. . . . Eh bien, je ferais encore ainsi, j'aimerais dans le passé cette figure d'ange, cette âme de poète, dont ma sombre vie a été éclairée et embrasée soudainement.” — GEORGE SAND.

“And when I love thee not  
Chaos is come again.”

I DREAMT. I loved. I thought that she it was  
Whom I had ever loved — had loved unknown —  
So long had loved, so vainly sought on earth,  
So wildly hoped in some far heaven to find —  
So vainly sought, till that sweet morn of May,  
When her dark eyes dawned on my darkness (then

Dawned day indeed, the day-star of my heart —  
 Dawned orient heaven — “dark with excessive  
 bright,”

From golden clouds revealed), and that soft voice,  
 That voice, so long an unheard melody,\*  
 Breathed o’er the dreaming echoes of my heart,  
 And woke them all. And it was *not* a dream.  
 And then I knew that I had known her long,  
 The known unknown † of Hope, though not that she  
 Was of the world; and then I knew that she  
 Was of the world, and that there was a star,  
 Fairest of stars, on earth, called Imogen.

Long had I known her in my heart; where I  
 Bore ever imaged that ideal thing  
 Of beauty, grace, and genius, which I loved,  
 Knowing not whom I loved, and followed far,  
 Knowing not whom I sought; ‡ and which I found,  
 Embodied fairer far, when I found her.

\* “Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter.”— KEATS.

† “O known Unknown!”— KEATS.

‡ ‘Ἰμείρων δ’ ὑπ’ ἔρωτι, καὶ ἣν οὐκ οἶδε διώκων.  
 COLUTH. Ἑλέν. Ἀργ. 193.

She was the haunting vision : still 'twas she,  
In courts and cities, and among the stars —  
My Oread on the mountains of my home ;  
My woodland nymph along the woodland brook,  
And in the forest shades ; and if I sighed  
“ Where are the Dryad's footsteps ? ” 'twas for her.  
She strayed with me, Calypso on the shore ;  
She sat with me, Egeria in the bower.  
She still was by me in the nightly dream,  
In her still maiden beauty ; and she seemed  
Beside me when I woke, until the hand  
That so had strayed sought hers and her in vain,  
And the sweet vision waned away, with moon  
And stars, as loomed the day-break of the world.

Ah ! she should walk the world with me ; with me  
Should stray through earth and sky ; as we have  
    strayed

Through song and story and the loftier lore.  
“ She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
To comprehend the universe : nor these  
Alone.” Almost fulfilled in her I found  
My dream of one to whom I might impart  
Myself, and breathe my soul, and once reveal

The burden of the mystery of my heart,  
 And all that burns within —— perchance to burn  
 Until that heart shall be of earth,\* or bathed  
 In some sweet dews † of heaven, or yet again  
 Baptized ‡ in fire,§ its element and life.  
 Nor solace only had I sought in her,  
 But something higher : in that breast I found,  
 I felt, a high, free heart that beat for truth  
 And right and freedom, and, so gentle still, ||  
 With quiet scorn and holy hate of all  
 The falsehood and oppressions of the earth ; —  
 A heart as true as heroine dedicate  
 To a high purpose and a glorious hope,

- \* “ I tell thee that this poor scorned heart  
 Is of thine earth, thine earth a part.  
 It cannot love thee now.”

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

- + “ Von allem Wissenqualm entladen  
 In deinem Thau gesund mich baden.”— *Faust*.

‡ “ I have a baptism to be baptized with ; and how am I  
 straitened till it be accomplished ! ” — *Luke* xii. 50.

§ “ And with fire.” — *Matt.* iii. 11.

- || “ I know a wench of excellent discourse ;  
 Pretty and witty ; wild, and yet, too, gentle.”

*Comedy of Errors.*

D

To a true champion's purpose, hopes, and fates ;—  
 A woman's and a martyr's spirit, true  
 Through all the war of life, and in his peace  
 Beyond it — true to him and to his grave.\*  
 I saw her such ; and if but in a dream,  
 It was a waking dream : not the fond heart's  
 Alone : I dwelt on that fair thing, my thought,  
 Within my purer mind. And was she not  
 All like her soul-breathed strains, her heavenly  
                   song ?

Her vocal spirit winged the thrilling air,  
 Laden with sweetness, winged it up to heaven,  
 Into the heaven of heavens, and bore afar  
 With her the rapt one who with her explored  
 The heaven of immortality and love,  
 And heard the choral seraphim, evoked  
 And led by her—heard all, saw her alone.

How had I glorified thee, had I been  
 Inspired as who but by those eyes might be !

\* "Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies. She spoke with so much energy that the water sparkled in her eyes, and her cheek coloured with the vehemence of her feelings."—*Peveril of the Peak*.

I would weave amaranth with the rose for thee,  
And o'er thy dark, fire-darting glances wreath  
The lightnings that the eagle Genius wields;  
And Southern constellations and the North  
Should yield their fairest, brightest flowers to gem  
A starry aureole for those locks of gold.  
And thou should'st sit, like "that starred Queen,"

among

"The splendours of the firmament of Time,"  
The Leonora or the Beatrice,  
Hymned in high lays, perhaps long resonant  
Through distant days; in song enshrining half  
Thy beauty, and in song exalting thee,  
Thou soul of song—a sweet theme wafted far  
By heavenly voices, blent with heavenly strains  
Of the then music; breathed with art like thine—  
That heaven-evoking, heaven-creating art  
Of song and music — and in heavenly hearts,  
Fair bosoms, echoing. Into that thy sphere  
Of song and music thou should'st so have been  
Exalted, the Cecilia of the heart.

I gazed, and saw thee of th' angelic choir  
Of earth's high saints and heroines who to us  
Are as the stars, the far celestial spheres;  
And of the sweeter still and lovelier, whom

We yet more love — the heroines of the heart,  
 Once of the world, and ever of the sky,  
 Or born of thoughts of beauty, deemed "ideal."

Ah! let me muse on them. I see them.

Now

I repossess the thoughts of many an hour  
 Of inner vision, many a beauteous thing  
 Of song or story, rising real within,  
 And bodied forth, where Shakspeare,\* Æschylus,  
 Scott,† Schiller, and the spells of that romance ‡  
 Of France and Revolution, made the place  
 Enchanted ground — my study once — or in  
 My mountain musings, when my swelling heart  
 Sought open air, or by the murmuring brook,  
 Or in the brooding forest, or along  
 The boundless swell of ocean.

\* Helena (both), Portia, Beatrice, Viola, Isabella, Miranda, Juliet, Imogen, Cordelia; and Cressida, and Cleopatra.

† Julia Mannering, Isabella Wardour, Di Vernon, Edith Bellenden, Annot Lyle, Rebecca, Catherine Seyton, Fenella, Clara Mowbray.

‡ Histoire des Girondins.

Let me dream.

'Tis Juliet at the window, leaning, sighing\* —  
 A sweet night-flower, all opening to the night.†  
 'Tis Juliet in the early morning, clinging  
 Round him, while she still hears, and still will hear,  
 The nightingale, and will not hear the lark.

I see the long fair locks and form like thine —  
 I see that lovely lady — all like thee —  
 I see her, in the sunset glow, half kneeling,  
 Half lying there, before the altar laid.‡

I see that fair Louisa, with her book,§

\* "Juliet leaning  
 Amid her window-flowers,\* — sighing." — KEATS.

† See Act iii. sc. 2.

‡ "Es war eine Dame —  
 Nein! Ich hatte bis auf diesen Augenblick dies  
 Geschlecht nie gesehen! —  
 Mit unaussprechlicher Anmuth — halb knieend,  
 halb liegend — war sie vor einem Altare hinge-  
 gossen." — SCHILLER, *Der Geisterseher*.

§ SCHILLER, *Kabale und Liebe*, 1 akt. 2 scene.

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\* "Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern  
 spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on  
 the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem," &c. — A. W.  
 v. SCHLEGEL.

And with her sweet and solemn look of death  
And calm despair, and love beyond the grave.

And her of name unknown, of meaning eye,  
And virgin voice of melody, the once  
Delicious idol of my thought,\* I see.

In thee I thought I saw her ; and in thee  
Her whom the real† Endymion dreamt; and her  
Whom lone Alastor sought; whom Athanase  
Dreamt, sought, and died beholding; heroine of  
The heart's wild, deep romance, and shrined in  
thoughts

Bright as Arcturus o'er the pine tops glowing,‡  
And sweet as dawning spring,§ or summer eve.‡

\* "Delicious idol of my thought!  
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught  
My boding heart thy precious name;  
Yet musing on my distant fate,  
To charms unseen I consecrate  
A visionary flame."—CAMPBELL, *The Name unknown*.

+ "Keats the real  
Adonis."—E. BARRETT BROWNING.

‡ "For, lo! the wintry clouds are all gone by,  
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing,  
And far o'er southern waves, immoveably  
Belted Orion hangs—warm light is flowing  
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.—  
O summer eve!" &c.

§ SHELLEY, *Prince Athanase*, Fragments II. and III.

Black eyes and auburn hair.— But thou art not  
 Haidee : she left this earth behind ; \* left thee  
 Her beauty : thine be long years of the world  
 And happy : she sleeps well where hollow seas  
 Mourn o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

There is another sweet Haidee in story ;  
 Not in the world. I know not. Is there aught  
 Like that fair child of Ali ? a young Greek  
 Like Monte Cristo's ?

. . . . .

Other looks appear—

Dark eyes and golden tresses still.

And now

Those “vibrant silver strings,”† that ever thrill

\* “She was not made  
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,  
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
 By age in earth : her days and pleasures were  
 Brief, but delightful.”

† If my spirit were less earthy—  
 If its instrument were gifted with more vibrant silver  
 strings—  
 I would kneel down where I stand, and say—Behold me !  
 I am worthy  
 Of thy loving, for I love thee ! I am worthy as a king.”

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

Into my heart, I hear.

I gaze, and now  
 I see thee, "O thou dream of Geraldine!"\*  
 And she was like that Geraldine; in her,  
 In the true noble blood, the true high heart's,  
 I saw the high-born lady of the land,  
 Of mind and soul far higher than high birth.  
 And she might all that Geraldine have been,  
 So born. And she to me was higher than  
 The high.

And sweet to me her pensive brow  
 As young Aurora's with her seraph look.†

And still I traced in her some tokens—some—  
 Of what might breathe scarce less impassioned than

\* No approaching—hush! no breathing! or my heart must  
 swoon to death in  
 The too utter life thou bringest—O thou dream of Geraldine!"—E. BARRETT BROWNING.

† "Early in years, and yet more infantine  
 In figure, she had something of sublime  
 In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.  
 All youth—but with an aspect beyond time;  
 Radiant and grave."—BYRON.

The bridal\* glow of that deep strain† effused  
 Warm from the panting heart that bears so far,  
 In song, the lady of the Western main.‡

And in her, in her sweet, deep spirit's tone,  
 I found, methought, that soul of woman found  
 True to the cross and to the grave so oft;  
 Still woman's soul, the same since Roman days,  
 When mortal steel was painless to her heart,  
 The Roman wife's; since Cato's child by fire

- \* "Shuddering and trembling to her couch she crept;  
 Soft oped the door, and quick again was closed,  
 And through the pale grey moonlight Meles stopt.  
 But ere he yet, with haste, could throw aside  
 His broider'd belt and sandals."—*Zophiel; or The  
 Bride of Seven*. By MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE. Lon-  
 don. 1833.

† "The temperature of the poem is not that of Keswick,  
 but of the island of Cuba, where it was written. It is  
 altogether an extraordinary performance."—*Quarterly Re-  
 view*, 1840, p. 393.

‡ "*Maria del Occidente*; otherwise, we believe, Mrs.  
 Brooke, is styled in 'The Doctor,' &c., 'the most impas-  
 sioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.' And without  
 taking into account *quædam ardentiora* scattered here and  
 there throughout her singular poem, there is undoubtedly  
 ground for the first clause."—*Quarterly Review*, 1840,  
 p. 389.

Died wife of Brutus, first self-tried by blood;  
 Since Aiah's lonely daughter watched the dead,  
 And the dark wanderer's at Colonus clung  
 To the doomed sire and sire-doomed brother\* both;  
 And since the earliest hour of things on earth  
 By woman borne or braved (and earth to her  
 Has long been martyrdom; and long will be—  
 How long? the souls under the altar cry).

"Fair face and tender voice"—the look, the tone,  
 Sweet as Di Vernon's tear, † or Thekla's voice—  
 The heroine's and the heart's ‡—divinest voice

\* Μέθεσθε δ' ἤδη χαίρετόν τ'.—Æ. C. 1432.

Καὶ ἐκ τούτου δῆλον, ὅτι ἐν τῇ παρακλήσει ἅμα τοὺς λόγους λέγουσα τούτους εἶχετο αὐτοῦ ἡ ἀδελφή.

+ "In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine. She pressed my hand, while the tear that trembled in her eye found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten—inexpressibly bitter, yet mixed with a sensation of pleasure so deeply soothing and affecting, as at once to unlock all the flood-gates of the heart."—*Rob Roy*.

† "Countess. Think, niece.—*Max*. Think nothing, Thekla!  
 Speak what thou feelest. . . . .  
 Thee, the beloved, and the unerring god  
 Within thy heart, I question. . . . .  
 And let thy heart decide it."—SCHILLER (*Coleridge*).

That ever breathed heroic anguish here.\*  
 So sweet it was, that tender tone; to me  
 Pathetic in its sweetness.

. . . . .  
                                     — Sweet she was;  
 And more than sweet—looks, locks, like Beatrice,  
 “And that lip made for tenderness or scorn,”  
 And all that charm—not these alone had she.  
 I saw in her the spirit and the mind  
 Of Roman Beatrice. I saw in her  
 That other—but ’tis Paradise no more.

. . . . .  
 And thou, sweet studious girl, in charms and lore  
 A new Hypatia† by my side didst sit.  
 What if of Héloïses I thought, or her  
 Of Rimini?

                                    And, deep in thee, I saw  
 Tokens of th’ ancient spirit; and I dreamt  
 That thou might’st be a heroine of great days,  
 Though dark as those dread days of blood-dyed  
       France  
 When dying women sighed for Liberty,

\* “To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—  
 That is the lot of heroes upon earth!”

† Decline and Fall, ch. xlvii. vol. vi. p. 19. see notes z, a.

And went to glory and to God through gloom  
Deeper than death's. Great days, though dark, were  
those,

When dying women sighed for Liberty,  
Not for themselves, and buoyed by human strength  
And pride, died well; died as young Charlotte died,  
For human vengeance; surely half sublime,  
Though Heaven forbid it. Heaven forgive that  
she

Forgot that Heaven would hold all vengeance in  
High, unseen hand that knows no pulse of time,  
Or tears, or blood; while tears and blood so oft  
O'erflow the heart, and whirl the soul away  
To the rapids and the fall.

And I in thee,  
On thee so gazing as I loved, beheld  
The Cythna of the battle and the pyre,  
The Myrrha of the battle and the pyre,  
Who "lit the lamp that lights us to the stars."

And I was in the land that lies so far  
Beyond the death-pile and the mists of earth,  
And clouded stars, with thee, my Cythna, straying

In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,\*  
 Where wide around slopes many a lawny mountain.  
 —With thee—and that was heaven, for there I  
     strayed  
 With thee.

And once in thee, sweet wilful child,  
 In the keen spirit's flashes, and the free,  
 Though gentle, utterance of thy vivid thought,  
 Once and again, I saw the thing of love,  
 Young, beautiful, and daring; that would risk  
 The universe to be beloved and free.†  
 But is there one like that bright, beauteous thing?  
 Is there a fire of heart so keen its glance  
 Withers "the world" to scorn—wither away  
 The cool, wise world?—"the world is one attorney."

- \* "In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,  
 When the dim nights were moonless, have I known  
 Joys which no tongue can tell."—SHELLEY.
- † "And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,  
 Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk  
 A throne, the world, the universe, to be  
 Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk  
 The stars from out the sky, than not be free  
 As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—  
 Though such a she's a devil (if that there be one)  
 Yet she would make full many a Manichean."—BYRON.

Fair, fatal one! to me, my heart, my mind,  
 Almost such spell wast thou as was that queen  
 Of Egypt and the Roman to the heart  
 Whose world, the Roman world, was all her own.  
 Imperial Maga she, that glorious one,  
 So bright of aspect, and of soul so regal,\*  
 In whose all-orient day—all golden hours—  
 There was a heart in Egypt;† whose great soul,  
 Her robe, her crown, her regal death demanding  
 —“Give me my robe, put on my crown!” com-  
 manding—

Throbb'd with immortal longings, and the thirst  
 For purpler vines than Egypt's;‡ whose deep heart  
 Sought, seized, absorbed her sweet voluptuous§ death,

\* This line belongs to the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

+ ———“thou shouldst know  
 There were a heart in Egypt.”—Act i. sc. 3.

‡ “Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
 Immortal longings in me. Now no more  
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.”\*—v. 2.

§ “The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. . . . .  
 As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
 O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.”—v. 2.

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\* See Matt. xxvi. 29; Mark xiv. 25; Luke xxii. 18.

As in devouring passion; and who died  
Queen universal, lifting that proud head  
Into the skies of night and constellations,  
Into the sphere of that starr'd Ethiop queen.

. . . . .  
Fair queen, thou hadst for me, at thy sweet will,  
Voice, motion, look (and hadst thou art?) like  
her,

That other Muse and loftier than the rest,  
Who makes Corneille a Shakspeare, Paris Greece,  
And divinises poetry anew,  
With her own brighter soul's, and bodies forth  
Things loftier than the poet's, deeper, sweeter,  
And, rapt in glorious passion, sweeps the world,  
The heart, the mind, the soul, with wing of fire.

Ah! child of ardent eye, is there in thee  
That fevered passion? is there glow like that  
Deep orient flush in thy bright morning hour?  
And is it still with purest ray serene  
That the dew glistens on thy budding youth?  
And shall thy guardian star shine still serene  
Upon thy nights?

Thou art a thing all gold,

- Sparkling and charged and saturate with fire : \*  
Is it with fire of heaven that that fine gold  
Of earth is deeply laden, keenly tried

• • • • •  
Still soft as bright that spirit beamed and breathed—  
How sweetly o'er her heavenly face suffused,  
And in her starlight look effused !—her look,  
Almost her loveliest look, immortalised,  
Almost as in my memory, now in art —  
The dear head there borne graceful as her own,  
The parted lips as warmly glowing, sighing —  
The breathing charm, all melting, all subduing —

\* “Who shall not be in ecstasy, in thus beholding the angelic life embodied in a female form ? And who is it that shall dare approach her ? Where is the man who shall venture to touch this flaming spirit ?\* Nay rather, all stand aloof, willing or unwilling ; all are fixed in amazement as if there were before their eyes a mass of incandescent and sparkling gold ! Gold hath indeed by nature great splendour ; but when, moreover, saturate with fire, how admirable, nay even fearful is it ! Much more when to a golden soul this happens, not only shall the spectacle be desired by men, but even by angels.”—CHRYSOSTOM, tom. i. p. 321. (*Benedict*).  
ISAAC TAYLOR, *Ancient Christianity*, vol. i. p. 186.

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\* Here.

The liquid look, that languishes on some  
 Sweet thought of sadness half divine, is there ;  
 And she is there ; and as I gaze her look  
 Glows to a gaze that thrills like permeant love,  
 And darts deep beauty down the soul, and darts  
 Fire through the heart and spirit.

—All her look !—

That golden beauty lustrous as the life,  
 Or hers whose deep Italian heaven gleams bright  
 On her own canvas mirrored, in her own  
 Heaven-hues—her own face, by her own fair hand\*—  
 Made too adorably like “heaven above,”†  
 Too like herself.

This, this is Imogen —

All Imogen—all heavenly.—There she is !‡—  
 The very one that in the inmost soul,  
 Is sainted — all ideal loveliness  
 In her incarnate — and in her sweet face  
 I read a long romantic history : §

\* A portrait of E. G. by herself; exhibited at the R.A.

† Exodus xx. 4.

‡ Πάρεστι, κ. τ. λ. Æsch. Agam. 412 (Dind.) See the various readings.

§ “———from thy face my heart could frame  
 A long romantic history.”—CAMPBELL.

That holy thing the heroine and the saint,  
Of some true tale of martyrdom, perhaps  
Writ high in light, and theme of heavenly lyre.

Once and again I thought thee her — an oft  
Bright vision in that living poesy  
Revealed — the poetess, the heroine — her,  
Who sang the gloom and glory of the Grave,\*  
And burned to die in battle, love, or glee,  
With her sweet spirit, her sweet body, free.†

I dream of one, the heroine, priestess, she  
Of poesy, a thing all light and fire;  
One hour with whom (she, saint, alike divine  
As woman — like her strains, and, ah! like thee),  
One hour — once free, in soul and body free —

\* "The Grave," by V. "The stanzas printed by us in Italics are, in our judgment, worthy of any one of our greatest poets in his happiest moments."—*Quart. Rev.* 1840, p. 410.

† • "I'd die in battle, love, or glee,  
With spirit wild, and body free,  
With all my wit, my soul, my heart,  
Burning away in every part,  
That so more meetly I might fly  
Into mine Immortality."—V.

Were life enough, were immortality ; \*  
 Whose glance and accents, light and music in  
 The midnight of my mind, reveal, to dreams,  
 That the wild hope of love is no false faith,  
 That visions are not vain, and that she is  
 All that I dreamt, and brings me the Redress, †  
 And brings me fairer flowers, from virgin dells  
 Deeper in Eden.

And I wait and watch.

And now some star gleams through the shade ; and  
 now  
 Waves some white vesture's flow.

. . . . .

But that sweet face !—

- \* “Quanta ego præterita collegi gaudia nocte.  
 Immortalis ero, si altera talis erit.”

PROP. ii. 14, 9.

- “Quod mihi si secum tales concedere noctes  
 Illa velit, vitæ longus et annus erit.  
 Si dabit hæc multas, flam immortalis in illis.  
 Nocte una quivis vel Deus esse potest.”—15, 37.

+ “It may be that . . . there is a system of Mercy and Grace behind the screen of Nature . . . that the present system is but a part of a whole, a stage in a Great Progress, and that the Redress is in reserve.”—*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.

Those warm red lips, and those dark passionate eyes!—  
 It breathes a heart's romantic history,  
 That pale, poetic face — half glow, half pale,  
 With poetry and passion — strangely fair,  
 As fairest form of wildest, strangest tale.

I see thee, beauteous! this weird summer night,  
 As thy Medea, that weird, beauteous thing —  
 As glorious lorn Medea, child of light  
 And Ocean\* — as Medea on that night  
 Of fullest orb, † in the deep quiet, ‡ from  
 The depths of her bright soul, invoking stars, §  
 And earth, || and winds, and hills, and streams, and  
                   lakes,  
 And gods of woods and gods of night ¶ — that night

\* “Æetes . . . . rex fuit Colchorum, filius Solis ex Persa  
 Oceani filia.”—FACCIOLATI.

† —“plenissima fulsit,”  
 Ac solida terras spectavit imagine Luna.”—*Met.* vii. 180.

‡ “Alta quies.”—186.

§ 193.

|| 196.

¶ “Auræque, et venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,  
 Dique omnes nemorum, Dique omnes noctis adeste.”

197.

When stars shone not in vain.\*

And then thou wast  
A thing of softer spells, and sweeter charms;  
Like that Atlantic † lady garmented  
In light, and armed with deep, weird midnight eyes,  
And wild and lovely witchcraft; sung so well  
By her unearthly bard, her mate in power  
And spells of mystic beauty.

And there was  
A fair and wily witch, in whose sweet bower,  
Long lingering, lagged the champion of the Cross,  
Lured from his great Crusade. Hadst thou her arts,  
As well as all her beauty, all her grace?

And hast thou learned too much of deep and wild  
From that enchantress of the bright-plumed wand,  
The large-brained woman and large-hearted man, ‡  
Priestess of love and liberty, who bears  
Fierce light, and scatters o'er the world strange  
fire,

\* "Et dabitis : neque enim micuerunt sidera frustra."—217.

† Her mother was one of the Atlantides."

*The Witch of Atlas.*

‡ "Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man,  
Self-called George Sand?"—E. BARRETT BROWNING.

Strange, subtle fire, that flings false, flickering  
light—

Contagious fire, not all of heaven?

There is

A clearer light, a purer fire. There is,  
Far in the everlasting hills of Mind,  
A lucid, stanchless spring, a fount of life,  
That gushes full and free, from sacred depths,  
Crowned with heights loftier than our stormy skies.

. . . . .  
Divine one, Diotima! on thy lips  
I dwell. Again I hear thee—ah, that I  
Had still heard thee—*thy* voice of charm divine!  
No failing theme was that—Love, aspiration  
For the Immortal, for th' invisible  
Essential Beauty, by the mind beheld,  
In the true science—Love, philosophy,  
Religion: 'tis philosophy; it is  
Religion—the philosophy of heaven,  
The lore of things divine—of all things love  
Divinest.

Where is that sweet lore of Love?  
Where is Greek beauty? Are they all departed,  
And gone for ever, through the fading sky,  
Like the rose-flush of yesterday?—are they,

Those sweet Greek girls of soul, and lore, and love?

Dreams, dwell with me!—Greece—hours of Greece  
and love!

Blue evenings on the shores of isles of Greece—  
Sea-sunsets, moonlight midnights—nights of thee,  
Thou sweetest Sappho!\*

In the air, there are  
Soft strains diviner still than Sappho's song—  
Strains sweet as Margret's voice, or Rosalind's,  
Or hers who breathed "the grief and humbleness  
As low as silence" o'er the broken-hearted†—  
Strains sweet and low, and breathing the divine.

\* "*There* we trace the soul of Sappho:—in that bold, yet thoughtful, brow, which seems to challenge the test of physiognomy—in that eloquent lip, trembling with winged words—in the passionate gaze that looks out of that kindling eye;—*there* is the mental union of simplicity, and vehemence, and grace—the moral blending of masculine audacity with feminine voluptuousness. Such—to the highest amount of each expression—was the poetess of Lesbos.—*Edinburgh Review*, 1832, p. 194.

† — "when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted."

COWPER'S *Grave*.

And there is a Cassandra, glorious in  
 The fire \* and agony † of inspiration,  
 And rushing revelation ‡ —glorious in  
 Her dark vaticination of the woe,  
 And weltering in the blood-red sunset, soaring  
 In the last light of life.

Some woman may  
 Be still diviner ; some sweet woman may  
 The true Cassandra be ; inspired, divine.  
 I see her, in my spirit — glorious, rapt,  
 As Delphic maid on tripod ; and I see  
 The Delphic girl filled high with Deity,  
 Infused, strong inspiration, through her being ;  
 Thrilling with things revealed, of earth and heaven,  
 And fates far looming in the vast To-come ;  
 Perhaps with visions of the Unknown God,  
 That early haunted Hellas the divine ;

\* Παπαῖ, ὄλον τὸ πῦρ ἐπέρχεται δέ μοι.—*Agam.* 1256.

† Ὑπ' αὐτῆς μδρινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος  
 Στροβεῖ.—1215.

‡ Καὶ μὴν ὁ χρῆσμος οὐκέτ' ἐκ καλυμμάτων  
 ἔσται δεδορκῶς νεογάμου νύμφας δίκην.  
 Λαμρὸς δ' εἰκεν ἡλίου πρὸς ἀντιλάς  
 Πνέων ἐσήξειν, ὥστε κύματος δίκην  
 Κλύειν πρὸς ἀνγὰς τοῦδε πημάτων πολὺ  
 Μείζον.—1178.

Perhaps with dreams not Hellas ever knew,  
Gleams of true mysteries mightier far than aught  
Oracular at Delphi, or enshrined  
In myth or ancient rites.

And she, whom I  
See prescient, shall diviner be to me  
Than God-fraught Pythoness : diviner than  
Divine Egeria in her starlight bower  
Of mystic love.

I thought thee as divine.  
I saw thee first in sadness ;\* and it is  
A sacred thing. I saw thee, in my soul,  
Sublimed by suffering : is not suffering still  
The true religion ? In thy sweet sad face  
I saw the martyrdom of earth ; which is  
Wealth, rank in heaven — the wounds of heavenly  
    hearts  
The bright blood-blazoned heraldry of heaven,  
And tears the dew that dyes with amaranth hues  
The flowers that bloom for God. And fairest flowers  
Rose constellated in my heart, and made  
The world an Eden, as I gazed. The stars

\* " Upon her face there was a tint of grief."

Have set upon the desert. Other stars  
May rise, afar; and earth may set.

. . . . .

In thee

I saw whate'er I loved — the student's love,  
Justina, in the garden, when her heart  
O'erflowed, and flushed her senses — but to me  
With her come Ciprian's broodings on the shore —  
I saw my saints — I saw my Rosalie;\*  
And Agnes, virgin-martyr, Agatha,  
And thee, Cecilia — sweetest name on earth,  
Cecilia; still thy name in heaven; where thou  
Stand'st on the sea of glass, with golden harp,  
Singing the new song of the ransomed† — far,  
Far o'er the stormy, starry ‡ dream of life,  
The bridal chamber, and thine angel-lover

Cecilia! have I seen and heard thee here?  
Was Imogen Cecilia?

Let me hear

\* *Santa Rosalie*, by Zurbaran; a picture in the possession of the Right Hon. Alexander Macdonnell.

† Rev. xv. 2, 3; Isaiah li. 10, 11.

‡ "Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera."

The harp of heaven : perchance some strain may  
yet

Come o'er me with a spell, and, breathing heaven,  
Slake the deep thirst that burns within my heart.  
For that far voice, for her who is afar ;  
May still my heart's deep longing for the rest  
Which I shall find before I find again  
Her whom I dreamt ; in whom I thought I found,  
At last, whate'er I sought.

Let some sweet spell  
Breathe spring again o'er this autumnal tone.  
And if this heart must first be earth, dissolve,  
Lost heart — it is thy lot — but not in tears,  
How sweet soe'er the strain — no ! not a tear  
For her ; except the big drops of the heart.

Thou that wast my Cecilia, Imogen,  
Could'st not thou, by those soaring strains of  
thine,  
Scaling all heights of passion, heaven ascending,  
Waft the rapt spirit far away, and bear it  
Through the night-gloom of life, till glimmering  
stars\*

\* "E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle."  
*Inferno*, c. xxxiv. 139.

Dawn in a purer air; and wing me on,  
 Up to the heaven of Beatrice; and on,  
 Up to the heaven of God?

Is all unreal?

Have I but dreamt again? and do I wake  
 Still in the cold grey morning\* of the world?

- \* "Roused by the shock, he started from his trance —  
 The cold white light of morning, the blue moon  
 Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,  
 The distinct valley and the vacant woods,  
 Spread round him where he stood. Whither have fled  
 The hues of heaven that canopied his bower  
 Of yesternight?" — *Alastor*.

"Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be  
 No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world;  
 The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!"

*The Cenci.*

## The Ivory Gate.

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—————“ agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.”

WORDSWORTH.

. . . . .

But those were happy dreams — that sweet pale  
child

Of pure poetic face and ardent eye —  
That dark-eyed lady of the sweet strange look  
Of liquid fire and maiden meditation,  
Genius and passion, thought and tenderness.

. . . . .

Another may be all — another, once  
To rise on him who bows and waits the dawn  
(In prescience and in adoration waits  
The bowed-down, beating heart) — to rise — on  
whom?

On *what*? — on weary, weary, sleepless Faust,  
Lone in his lore, among th' eternal dead?

Or on the heart at rest where the late moon,  
 Rising behind the woods, sheds the blood-gules  
 Of the dim chancel window on the stone?

The thing of beauty and of light — it dawns:  
 I see it now; and now I scarce can see  
 That other form, that fades before my gaze,  
 And fleets before the light of waking morn.

But that soft, seraph look, and siren voice! —  
 What other glance, what other words, shall bring  
 Back to my heart that charm? what spell, *whose*  
 spell

Make hours like hours of Imogen — renew  
 Those vernal hours, whose memories haunt the soul  
 Like the gone spring of life,\* like the one flower  
 That comes no more? †

\* “Tous les bourgeons sortent, regardez. Je veux sortir aussi, moi.”

— “Oh! murmura Samuel frappé de la mystérieuse harmonie qui appareillait cette ravissante fille et cette radieuse matinée; oh! printemps, jeunesse de l'année; jeunesse, printemps de la vie!” — A. DUMAS, *Dieu dispose*.

“O gioventù, primavera dell' eta!

O primavera, gioventù dell' anno!”

† Aiaī — κ. τ. λ. — *Mosch. Ep. Bion.* 100 — 105.

. . . . .

Another summer night !  
How sweet ! how *sad* ! — It is so like the past.

I rise, and seek the window. All around  
Is midnight rest — the trees, the moonlight hills,  
The mountain gorges, and the forest glades.

A moonlight night, a land of old romance,  
The wild Welsh Border \* land, the field of blood —  
How oft in yon heroic iron age

\* "Grounds every inch of which was for ages manfully contested, being the border country. It is remarkable that the paternal coats\* of most of the freeholders are charged with lions differenced by position, attitude, or tincture, &c. &c. — Tudor Trevor,† the first well ascertained proprietor, and founder of the sixteenth tribe, or that of the Marches, is said to have told his sons when he divided his territory among them, according to the British law of Gavel, 'that they must themselves be lions, or they would lose their patrimony.'" — RICHARD LLWYD'S *works*, p. 243.

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\* Perhaps derived (see Dallaway's *Heraldry in England*, p. 46, 132) from the arms (Gules, a lion rampant or; those of the Albini heiress) of Fitzalan: the ermine Alan the Breton's.

† Descended from Vortigern and the Emperor Maximus, according to the genealogists !

Burst o'er the Marches all the mountain storm,  
 When the wild British blood foamed high, and far  
 O'er upris'n \* England gushed in fiery tide !

Night of romance ! was there not such a night  
 For the far things I dream ? I dream a night  
 When the proud lord of these dark woods and hills,  
 Born warrior of the fierce Pendragon blood,  
 From Norman towers, and lance-bright English  
 plains,

O'er the wide Marches bore the fair best prize  
 Into his forest-hills, and laid her here.

And was she here his own ? and did he find  
 That she could love ? † and was she what he sought—  
 The lady of his bower and of his hall,  
 The chieftain's in his glory, in his fall ?

—And that sweet English maiden, martyr, here  
 Fluttering new-ta'en ‡ in the strong spoiler's grasp,  
 Waved golden locks and darted lambent fire.

\* *Λαμπρὸς δ' ἔοικεν*—κ. τ. λ.

+ I might quote Brantome (*Des Dames Gallantes*, 1<sup>er</sup>. Discours), and Lady Mary Wortley Montague (Letter 42).

‡ "She fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

But better days, and brighter, and as deep  
 In strife, and more heroic than romance,  
 May dawn ; and ere I sink. There comes a day  
 For Europe and the world—the nations' day,  
 When rising hearts span ages with a bound,  
 And the earth shakes, and heaven. There may be  
                   days

For men and glorious women ; there will be  
 Those women then : bright women, quickening men  
 And lulling loftiest cares on their sweet breasts,  
 Soft wave-swell to the gallant on-borne bark,  
 And lulling deepest cares in their sweet laps,  
 With more than solace, more than sympathy.

And I my day may find. It yet may be \*  
 Time will bring all. I once my hour may see ;  
 Though now nor it nor Her, and thus far spent  
 The thus far wasted, † thus inglorious youth.

- \* " Peut-être l'avenir me gardait-il encore,  
 Un retour de bonheur dont l'espoir est perdu ;  
 Peut-être dans la foule une âme que j'ignore  
 Aurait compris mon âme et m'aurait répondu."

LAMARTINE, *Méditations*.

- † " Cependant j'appartenais à un autre temps par mes  
 éairs ; j'ai souvent senti en moi un autre homme ; des

F

What was is over : all must be : 'tis said.  
 Yet must I cherish what I may not love.  
 Yet must I treasure one lorn, lingering thought—  
 Yet, yet I love—from Imogen it came,\*  
 This thought, that “ idly stirs ” my heart again.  
 And there awake the pangs that pass not by—  
 There, where I saw her by my heart's false light.

False thought!—sweet thought!—all redolent of  
 her,

---

horizons immenses, infinis, lumineux de poésie philosophique, épique, religieuse, neuve, se déchiraient devant moi ; mais, punition d'une jeunesse insensée et perdue ! ces horizons se refermaient bien vite.” Lamartine proceeds : “ Je les sentais trop vastes pour mes forces physiques ; je fermais les yeux pour n'être pas tenté de m'y précipiter. Adieu donc à ces rêves de génie, de volupté intellectuelle ! Il est trop tard. J'esquisserai peut-être quelques scènes, je murmurerai quelques chants, et tout sera dit : à d'autres ; et je le vois avec plaisir, il en vient d'autres.”—*Voyage en Orient*.

\* “ Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,  
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.  
 Dear, fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,  
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd ! ”

“ O, write it not, my hand—the name appears  
 Already written—wash it out, my tears ! ”

As Julie's chamber\* of the sweet spring-time†  
 Of rose and iris. When shall I forget,  
 While spring and summer-eye breathe still of her?  
 When shall I wish it—to forget her—when?

Indeed she was my very thought made flesh  
 And spirit—all revealed, but fairer far—  
 Revealed divine in her; that loveliest girl,  
 Of midnight eyes and morning locks, and look  
 And voice of heaven, and mind that walked the world  
 As Faith might walk the waters, walk the sky,  
 Unfaltering and superior; swift, but soft,  
 And halcyon to all hearts. And——

I must go.

But I shall bear this passion‡ through the world,

\* “O Julie! il est plein de toi, et la flamme de mes  
 désirs s'y répand sur tous tes vestiges. Oui, tous mes sens  
 y sont enivrés à la fois. Je ne sais quel parfum presque  
 insensible, plus doux que la rose, et plus léger que l'iris  
 s'exhale ici de toutes parts.”—*La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

† “Une jeune fille charmante, toute parfumée des fleurs  
 et de la rosée de son printemps.”—A. DUMAS.

‡ “Felice me, se nel morir non reco  
 Questa mia peste ad infettar l'Inferno.  
 Restine Amor, venga sol sdegno or meco,  
 E sia dell' ombra mia compagno eterno.”

*Gerusalemme*, c. xx. 126.

This fire of heart perhaps beyond the sun.  
 Shall not the flame, subliming, bear me up,  
 And waft me, wing me through th' empyreal deep,  
 Into far heavens, that only love may scale?

Farewell! farewell the fairest,\* best beloved!  
 Farewell? is't o'er? And what remains?—I live;  
 And—what? Must I remand my hope to heaven,  
 And gaze for land beyond the boundless deep,  
 And live this life in lone, wild thoughts of thee,  
 And die without thee—leave thee unpossessed—  
 Thoughts unfulfilled—that thought for ever broken?

Answer, some oracle of Fate; but speak  
 By stars or flowers—not flights of vulture thoughts,  
 Dark visions winging o'er the formful mind—  
 Say, was it all in vain? and did we meet  
 To part? and is it willed that I should *not*  
 Love *her*, save for my sins?

I'll free me—how,

- \* "Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!"

BURNS, *À fond Kiss*.

I know not ; but I *will* ; nor turn again  
 One look, one thought, on what I *will not* love.

“ Hills beyond Pentland ! ” \* rise in starrier blue ! †  
 Streams beyond Forth ! your purer waters flow  
 “ With a sweet inland murmur ; ” and I hear.  
 Waters of Israel ! weary I return,  
 From rivers of Damascus.

I will dwell

On her whom God will give me : in His hour,  
 He will reveal her. If by this, its fire,  
 Which I have borne, and still shall bear, my sin  
 May expiate itself, I yet may once  
 Be blest with her—but when ?—and she will not  
 Be Imogen ; and——

\* “ There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth.”

† “ Those deep blues which Londoners think unnatural in pictures, are common in Italian climates ; and not less common in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, England, and Scotland : in level countries they are never seen. But Stothard had visited the Lakes, North Wales, and Scotland ; and nothing, in those lands, where Nature is a poet, struck him so much as the wondrous and almost magical effects of the deep aerial blues.”—*Life of Stothard*, (by Mrs. Bray), p. 196.

. . . . .

Well, whate'er my fate,  
 I front it—'tis the warrior's spirit speaks  
 To mine—" 'tis well—and falling, I shall fall  
 Bright in my mail, \* with buckler and with brand,  
 Far in the fight" †—those arms God-given, perhaps  
 For some great mission, such as thou didst seem  
 To feel, who should'st, and didst, anew inspire.

There be my rest, dug deep in fight: a grave  
 Glorious as theirs who, in their boundless waste  
 Of purest blood and proudest, ‡ flung their breasts

\* "And from that hour did I with earnest thought  
 Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,  
 Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught  
 I cared to learn, but from that secret store  
 Wrought linked armour for my soul, before  
 It might walk forth to war among mankind."—SHELLEY.

"At least we'll die with harness on our back."

† "Catilina vero longe a suis inter hostium cadavera  
 repertus est, paululum etiam spirans, ferociam animi, quam  
 habuerat vivus, in voltu retinens."

‡ "Because he at whom I aimed my blow, said the  
 Briton, his eye glancing fiercely from the King to De Lacy,  
 and back, had spilled the blood of the descendant of a  
 thousand kings; to which his own gore, or thine, proud  
 Count of Anjou, is but as the puddle of the highway to the  
 silver fountain."—SCOTT, *The Betrothed*.

Upon the Norman lances\*—grave like that  
 A place of rest might be. But is there rest  
 In earth for heart on fire with heaven, with her?  
 Is earth the place for that lone thing of strife  
 That throbs o'erquickened, and that wakes to walk  
 The stormy night, trampling the slow, dark hours,  
 Towards the red breaking East.

Let me not go

In the black midnight. Though my Morning Star  
 Shall never shine on me, yet let me not  
 Leave all a starless void, a vast dark dome,  
 That might be temple bright with the divine.

What reck's it? 'tis but mortal life: 'tis earth:  
 Yon heavens are but the portal of the grave:  
 She but one woman; and my heart but man,  
 Until I drink of immortality  
 In the high land of light, where I may be  
 What now I feel in hope—heart harmonized

\* Vide Girald. Camb. Descr. l. i. c. 8. "Yet not even under circumstances so adverse did the descendants of the ancient Britons renounce their defence, or forfeit their old hereditary privilege, to be called the bravest of mankind," &c. —SCOTT, *The Betrothed*.



## Italia.

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“Florence ! beneath the sun,  
Of cities fairest one,  
Blushes within her bower for Freedom’s expectation.”

SHELLEY.

“Motto, ‘Il popolo,’ IL POPOLO,—  
The word meant dukedom, empire, majesty,  
And kings in such an hour might read it so.”

“Better means freer. A land’s brotherhood  
Is most puissant ! Men, upon the whole,  
Are what they can be,—nations what they would.  
Will therefore to be strong, thou Italy !  
Will to be noble !” . . . . .

“Whatever hand shall grasp this oriflamme,  
Whatever man . . . .  
Teach, lead, strike fire into the masses —  
And make of Italy a nation — dear  
And blessed be that man !”—CASA GUIDI.

It is not yet Italia ;\* but it shall be,——  
Italia worthy those still lingering looks,

\* A lady had been struck by Gavazzi’s account of his interview with the Pope, when His Holiness proscribed the word “Italia.”

And thy bright presence, sunnier than its skies,  
And thy free spirit and thy English heart,  
Worthy that sweet enthusiasm, and that  
Best meed of all heroic aim, thy love.

It is not now the land for thee ; though yet  
The land of Beauty and of Art, the home  
Of genius, and its all-inspiring love  
Of all the Beautiful — a clime as bright  
As those Auroral tresses, and as sweet  
As those soft, sunny looks ; a land that was,  
And is, the land of Dante, lord of spells  
Of power and beauty deep as thy dark eyes.

A lovely and a glorious land it is ;  
And thou hast found the home of beauty there,  
Of grace and genius ; and hast thither borne  
More than thou there wilt find (though thine a  
glance,

A sense, so quick, so true) ; and now the land  
Gleams brighter still ; the blue Italian air  
Flushes and glows with thee ; and Arno's tide  
Wells with fresh pulse at thy too truant feet.

O ! fair it is, as that immortal form  
Of marble made divine, that other form

Of marble heavenliness, at Florence too.  
 Fair is that land, and more than fair ; where Art  
 Is life, where " Greece is living Greece," and lives  
 In the white radiance\* like th' eternal ; where  
 The dying swordsman dies immortally.  
 'Tis pilgrimage in holy land to be  
 Where Pæstum and the Coliseum stand,  
 And Rome ; and Raphael dwells, and Michael, twain  
 Archangels ; † and the angel Beatrice —  
 The Beatrice of Dante and of Heaven,  
 The Beatrice of Guido and of earth.

Land of the great Republic of the world,——  
 The race that stamped the world with Roman  
     thoughts,  
 And deeds done " after the high Roman fashion," ‡  
 Deeds *done* by *men*, severely, sternly well —  
 High Romans all — Virginius in his blood,

\* " The white radiance of eternity."—SHELLEY.

† " Raphael ! Michael ! the archangels of Love and  
 Terror, on whose mighty wings Art has been raised to her  
 starriest eminence."

‡ " Let's do it after the high Roman fashion."

*Julius Cæsar.*

Atilius, \* Sylla, † Otho ‡ in his death —  
 Land of the sunset glory, deeply glowing  
 Up to the zenith of the dome of Time,  
 That swells above thee, thy triumphal arch,  
 And thine eternal hall of demigods,  
 Thy true Pantheon, still, through all thy night,  
 Starred with the glories of the great of old! —  
 Starry and sacred still shall be the past —  
 Starry and sacred as the Roman myth —  
 The purple midnight of th' Egerian bower  
 Where spake a goddess with her mortal lover  
 Of love, and other things divine, and Rome.

It was a land of Romans, lords of earth :  
 It was a great Republic ; as the earth  
 Will be. It was heroic ; as the world  
 Will be — but when ? It is the Austrian's now,  
 And the base Priest's, and that yet baser King's —  
 That prince of priests, and that Most Priestly king

\* "Tu mihi etiam M. Atilium Regulum commemoras," &c.

CIC. *pro Sext.* 59.

+ See Plutarch. "Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record."—BYRON.

‡ "Fruetur Vitellius fratre, conjuge, liberis: mihi non ultione neque solatiis opus est."—TAC. *Hist.* ii. 47.

Of Etna and Vesuvius\* — would they were  
His Windsor and his Osborne! and that there  
Imperial Majesties would visit him!

'Tis Rome's; as Austria, Ireland, Spain: 'tis Rome.

And thou art English yet; art pure and true.  
Come, leave the land, come back from Italy:  
It is not yet Italia: linger not

By Arno; nor where once was Roman Rome.  
Come back to English hearts; for still we are,  
And English still will be. Our goodly Guards  
Shall not be Austrian; nor our mongrel priests  
Be popes.† Let Italy seek life and light  
In the dark fire of other eyes than thine.

It is not yet a land for thee. It may  
The Armageddon of the nations be.  
Leave Italy; and let them clear the land  
For battle, for the deadly day of hosts.  
Leave her the beaming blessing of thy smile,

\* The Two Sicilies.

† "Mr. Peter Wentworth, in a speech in the House of Commons, inveighing against a message of the Queen to the House, *that they should not deal in any matters of religion, but first to receive from the bishops*, expresseth himself thus: . . . . . No! by the faith I bear to God, said I, we will pass nothing before we understand what it is, for that were but to make you popes; make you popes who list, said I, for we will make you none."—1 BURN, *Eccl. Law*, 102.

And lighten, through the deep night of thine eyes,  
 The quickening inspiration of thy looks  
 Into the hearts of heroes — may the looks  
 Of her own as dark-eyed Italian daughters  
 Be then like thine to them! And then to arms!  
 And God be with the right! And all the stars  
 Of Heaven fight\* then, and all the fires of earth!  
 Flash Etna, flash Vesuvius, from the depths  
 Of hottest Hades! red from all the depths  
 Flash forth! Let Earth her deepest passion wreak  
 On Earth's oppressors! Let the lower Czar  
 Come forth, and claim his own, and to the hearths  
 Of his hot Moscow bid illustrious guests.  
 So many monarchs go to him,† he well  
 Might come to some; he knows it is not far:

\* "They fought from Heaven; the stars in their courses  
 fought against Sisera." — *Judges*, v. 20.

† "Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,  
 Ask'd, when in hell, to see the royal jail;  
 Approv'd their method in all other things;  
 But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?  
 There—said his guide—the group is full in view.  
 Indeed—replied the Don—there are but few.  
 His black interpreter the charge disdain'd—  
 Few, fellow?—there are all that ever reign'd."

COWPER, *Table Talk*.

So let him come ; like them “ paternal,” meet  
His children ; and on them, his \* elder born  
And heirs, inheriting this world, and that,  
Bestow his choicest blessings, warmest care.

And shall not Italy be Victory ?  
Shall not the voice of Victory follow thee,  
Lady of conquest ? Shall not that high word  
Fast follow, eagle-winged o’er the Alps,  
And echo from the mountains and the shores  
Of freed Italia to the mountains, shores,  
And hearts of England ?

There shall be a time —  
Shall there not soon ? — when laurels shall be  
wreathed,

With myrtle wreathed, and rose, by fairest hands  
For loftiest brows ; and then shall — shall not then  
Free maidens yield the guerdon of the brave,  
And lips like thine — but where ? — at last reward  
Deeds done and vocal thoughts, by looks like thine,  
And strains like thine inspired, reward indeed,  
With sweetest words, and sweeter things than  
words ?

\* “The Prince of this world.”—John xiv. 30.

## Italy.

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“The bloom is vanished from my life.  
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,  
 The beautiful is vanished — and returns not.”

“O be not treacherous to thy own power.  
 Thy heart is rich enough to vivify  
 Itself.”— *Wallenstein*.

OCEAN and Alps between us!—And I lay  
 In dreams of her, and felt her at my heart;  
 With her, and of her; yet not all,\* not, even  
 In the deep dream from which I scarcely woke,  
 That summer morning, when the balmy breath  
 Of the dim, dewy garden, redolent  
 Of her, came o’er me, and—“it *was* her voice!”  
 I said, and sought her sweet soft hand, in vain.

\* “Nec penetrare, et abire in corpus corpore toto.”  
 LUCRET. iv. 1091—1114.

— And land and sea between us now ; and what  
Is dark to me as death, or as the chasm  
Of the last parting, or a broken heart—  
A long, long, lingering lapse between us yet—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—  
New morning stars, new moons—no Imogen—  
Long days, and lonely nights—days, weeks, and moons,  
Pale waning moons, and stars that rise in vain,  
To set as she has set upon my heart—  
Time, and perhaps eternity, for still  
The thought comes o'er me that we meet no more.  
But was I born in vain ? and have I lived  
In vain ? and did we meet to meet no more ?

—Away—afar!—and I remain ; and must  
Endure it——To have seen and known and lost  
her!—

—To see no more!—No cure—no recompense——  
Or where ? and when ?—Till then, self-strength  
alone—

It may be but despair. But I must find  
Some deeper source of strength within my heart.  
There is ; and I will sound it yet again.  
They say that deep beneath the sea of tears  
Sweet waters sleep : there may be some fresh spring,

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At least of Lethe, far beneath the mass  
Of these dark depths of Marah : I will know.

I cannot bring her back. I cannot now  
Be with her ; and must bear an exile's lot,  
Now, and perhaps for ever.

If again,

If e'er again I breathe the blessed air,  
The heaven of her sweet presence, it may be  
Another clime: those lips — how warmly pressed !—  
May breathe for other as I breathe for her ;  
Those eyes may dwell on him as I on her.  
It may be so ; and *that*, then, must be borne !

— Who dares to love her ? — Psyche \* is of heaven,  
And not of earth. — Not mine, not made for me.

Some angel loves her, some high son of heaven.  
Some spirit sees her, haunts her, watches her ;

\* — “ But Psyche owns no lord —  
She walks a goddess from above ;  
All saw, all praised her, all adored,  
But no one ever dared to love.”

Basks in her beauty, basks in all her hours,\*  
 Lingers along her lonely musing walks,  
 Steals to her bosom at the folding hour,  
 Glides like the moonlight through her curtained night  
 Visits her slumbers, bending o'er her dreams —  
 Dreams of her guardian angel — dreams to be  
 When, and by whom, fulfilled?

It may be so.

It is. Some spirit loves thee, mortal maiden.†  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the world :  
 How many gaze on thee ! The spirit sees

\* "Basil, like Athanasius and others, thinks himself called upon to enter a Christian lady's dressing-room, and there to give her rules for the whole of her behaviour at the toilette, gravely enjoining her, among sundry instructions equally important, and in pity to the angels who visit her chamber, to use the utmost despatch in the necessary care of her hair, lest they, to their own peril, should look too long upon her dishevelled tresses ! Then follows the customary reference to Gen. vi. 2, our author having before warned her of the need of preserving her bashfulness, not merely when in the presence of men, but always, and in recollection of the 'circumambient angels,' from whose regards she could never withdraw herself." — ISAAC TAYLOR, *Ancient Christianity*, vol. i. p. 171.

† "A spirit loves thee, mortal maiden,  
 How wilt thou prove thy worth?" — SHELLEY.

G 2

All that I see and see not : whoso sees,  
Must love, and love the more the more he sees.

Those lips, and locks, and hands,\* and eyes, once  
seen,  
Once only seen, that hour (May's Mayest) was  
The dawn, the Eden morn, of life-long love.  
To see thee was to love thee for my life ;  
To love thee to my ruin, to my death.

And was it said, and by those smiling lips,  
That I should love thee some six months — *I thee*  
No more ?

— To be a spirit, as thou art  
An angel ! — to be thine immortally ! —  
Possession as eternal as my love !

What though an angel love thee ? Though so far  
Above me, though the angel whom I see  
In glory, on the burning zenith throned  
Starbright, or, swift as Uriel through the even,  
Far flashing, in the light and might of some  
Great inspiration, armed with God's own word,  
Athwart the thunder-clouds, and down th' abyss,

\* " Quamvis secessit ab illa,  
Æstuat, repetens faciem motumque manusque.  
Qualia vult fingit quæ nondum ipse vidit."

*Met.* vi. 420.

Or sunlike in celestial arms, on-leading,  
 Past stars, and suns of thousand, thousand stars,  
 "More than twelve legions" — is he far beyond  
 All sons of man in depth and height of heart?  
 Can man or angel love thee more? love more,  
 Love thus, and live? Could angel die for thee?

Shall heavenly beauty, heavenly love, be meed  
 Of chivalry in skies beyond the grave,  
 As once on earth? I once beheld the past  
 In its romance. But now no more on me  
 Come dreams like that romance. Thine, Imogen,  
 The mission to revive them. But would'st thou,  
 Wert thou the prize, the lady of the land,  
 Pendragon's daughter,\* or the Peverel's,† or

- \* "But think not she will e'er be bride  
 Save to the bravest, proved and tried;  
 Pendragon's daughter will not fear  
 For clashing sword, or splinter'd spear,  
 Nor shrink though blood should flow."

"But Gyneth heard the clangour high,  
 As hears the hawk the partridge cry.  
 Oh, blame her not! the blood was hers,  
 That at the trumpet's summons stirs."

SCOTT, *The Bridal of Triermain*.

† "Our bards also make this place the property of Tudor  
 Trevor, a British nobleman, who lived in the year 924, and

That fairer, sweeter "dream of Geraldine,"  
Would'st thou be his the worthiest thee approved?

There is no chivalry, because there are  
No ladies\* like the lady-love that was.

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in right of his mother Rhiengar (grand-daughter and heiress of Caradoc Freichfras, slain by the Saxons in the battle of Ruddlan, in 795), earl of Hereford; and in the right of his father, Ynyr ap Cadvarch, lord of both Maelors, Chirk, Whittington, and Oswestry, Ewias, and Urchenfield. . . . It was bestowed on William, a sister's son of Pain Peverel, lord of Whittington; and by the marriage of his second daughter, Mellet, with Guarine de Mets, a noble Lorrainer, it became his property about the year 1083. The deeds of arms, and feats of chivalry, made their progeny the admiration of the times, and the subject of high-flown romance. Guarine, then lord of Alberbury, and sheriff of the county, hears of the resolution of Mellet to marry no one but the knight of most distinguished prowess. The emulous youths were to assemble at Peverel's Place, or the Castle in the Peak, there to approve their worth. . . . His posterity assumed the name of Fitz-warren; continued lords of this place for near 400 years; and every heir, for nine descents, preserved the Christian name of Fulk. This warlike race, and their warlike neighbours, the Welsh, had perpetual feuds: their spirits were too congenial to enjoy peace."—PENNANT, *Tour in Wales*.

\* If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons."—*Nelson*.

Not so: there are; and there is chivalry.  
 Indeed "there is no Beatrice!" though then,  
 When the thought breathed, I almost deemed there  
     was.

But, sweeter, brighter, Imogen there is.

There is no war — no war without—'tis here  
 The Swedish trumpets \* herald bristling pikes,  
 The glistening vanguard meets the eager gaze —  
 No hope forlorn on dark and stormy night,  
 (More genial than the halls of revelry,  
 Or wild nights on a breast that is not thine)—  
 No banner on the heights of Badajos,  
 Behind the blades — † no grave for burning hearts

\* "Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish trumpets,  
 And all the naked swords which I see here,  
 Were plunged into my breast!"

*Wallenstein (Coleridge).*

† Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins," &c. "Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge." "The rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies."

Below the ramparts.

Hearts can find their graves.

And, while the strifes of human thoughts and hearts  
Make sport \* for gods, there shall be many a field  
For loftiest chivalry, and open lists,  
And grinded lances, and "heroic games" —  
The deadly game of life, the cast of death.

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"Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for," &c. "In one of these attempts, Colonel Macleod, of the Forty-third, a young man, whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered, and with such a strong resolution did he lead them up the fatal ruins, that when one behind him, in falling, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, and continuing his course was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades."

"Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier, who was killed the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate soldier of the Ninety-fifth, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets?"—NAPIER, *Peninsular War*, b. xvi. c. 5.

\* "To him the order of nature appeared as the momentary equipoise of conflicting impulses, which he illustrated by the tension of the bow and the lyre, or by an image which, singularly enough, occurs also in the philosophical poetry of

Hearts still will beat with blood, and burn, and  
 break,  
 And die of passion. Man must still—must still  
 Bear and forbear, and so heroic be.

To bear is to be noble: if I would  
 “Be noble to myself,”\* it is my part;  
 A nobler than the Roman’s.† We may bear  
 Well, though not long; and long they cannot bear  
 The world who are not of the world, nor like  
 The world’s base beasts of burden, that can bend,  
 And bear with it till “laid by age in earth.”  
 Suffering is strength: in glorious suffering comes  
 The “more than conqueror.”

More than conqueror He

Who from the more than mortal agony,

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India, as the *play* of the Infinite Being from whom all things proceed, and to whom, in successive periods, all things return.”—THIRLWALL, *History of Greece*, chap. xii. vol. ii. page 132.

- \* “He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
 Be noble to myself; but hark thee, Charmian.”
- † “Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
 Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?  
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
 To act a lover’s or a Roman’s part?”

The deadly hour of deep Gethsemane,  
 Went forth to bear and conquer ; He that comes  
 Blood-dyed from Bozrah, travelling in his strength,  
 Mighty to save — the mightier that alone  
 He trod the purple vintage. He, in his  
 Great passion, bore, and man may learn to bear.

I would my lot were other, or my blood,  
 Which beats not to the slow, soft Dorian mood,\*  
 But to the trumpet thrills — to that wild horn  
 Heard high at Roncesvalles. Who so long  
 Would pace the wall, and keep it? who, so long  
 Beleaguered thus, who but would sally now?  
 Better than weary watch and ward on tower,  
 To sally forth into the deadly night,  
 Forth flashing on the darkness, on the foe.  
 But if my lot, my trust, be, still to bide,  
 To hold the post of honour, be it mine.

It may be best. It must: it is the Will,  
 All Love and Light, that not, not there should I  
 Anchor my hope. If well it were, I should.

\* Ἀργεῖοι μὲν καὶ οἱ ξύμμαχοι ἐντόνως καὶ ὀγρῇ  
 χωροῦντες, Λακεδαιμόνιοι δὲ βραδέως καὶ ὑπο αὐλητῶν  
 πολλῶν νόμῳ ἐγκαθεστώτων.—THUC. v. 70.

If well it were, He would fulfil my dream,  
 Would bid me love her (can I e'er unlove?),  
 And yield me all her beauty, all that I  
 Have loved and dreamt in her, my heart's own dream.  
 She might be that, my dream; she might be all;  
 She might be mine. She may not; 'tis the Will.  
 It can be no true evil. I shall know  
 That it is good. In all "things evil" lie  
 Some germs of good. He "shapes our ends" to good.  
 It must be *better*, *not* to gain her; she  
 Is not the one for me; and fairer still  
 Is Fate than fairest Fancy: "Fate" is God.

. . . . .  
 — And her, still her I seek; and her I ask.  
 Of all the world, where wave such lovely locks,  
 And beam such eyes of love, she still to me  
 Is fairest — ah! too fair! — and her I ask.  
 Of all the flowers of earth, that rose to me  
 Is sweetest: that be mine: of all the sky,  
 That bright particular star — I called her mine —  
 Star of my fate — beams brightest: be it mine.  
 Of all the worlds revealed in starry night,  
 Of all the multitudinous universe,  
 That gem, that ruby, is the gem to me.  
 And that, the gem of price, I seek; and that

Through the deep golden heavens would seek ; that  
glow

In the sweet gloom and mystery of the grave.  
Of all the heavens the heavenliest thing to me  
(To me, while thus but blood, all undivine),\*  
'Tis that fair child of earth and heaven I ask.  
Give me those day-bright locks and night-dark eyes,  
Those love-deep eyes, and that high-rising heart,  
Those balmy lips, and that voluptuous breast.  
Give me those beauties in those locks arrayed.†  
Grant me, the vigil through the hours of dreams,  
And new day dawning from her conscious eyes.  
Give me a life with her. That cannot be.  
Give me to live without her : no, to die.

Those thoughts of her must cease. And even this  
Still cherished love may cease ; or but endure  
In sense of that poetic beauty, or  
That genius ; and no more be of the heart,

\* "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."  
1 Cor. xv. 50.

† "Now he is thinking of me, loving me —  
He sees me — flies to me, half out of breath —  
His hand is on my arm — he looks on me —  
And puts my long locks backwards — God ! thy ban  
Lies upon waking dreams."— *Festus*.

As it has been ; for that fair thing is not  
The one to whom my heart is dedicate  
(It must not, cannot be) ; is not the one  
For mine ; and mine may now, already, be  
Half prescient of another, and the true.

—— And I must love another — I must dwell  
On her whom God will give me. *She* must be  
The angel of the vision, of the dream  
Of life ; the angel of my life. The heart  
Must live in some bright heavenly presence. I  
Must love, if I must live. And God, who gave  
The fiery censer of the heart, will give  
The incense that shall fill it : so shall love,  
The heaven-born heart's religion, up to heaven  
Rise fragrant from the burning. I shall find  
Another ; and in her find thee, and all —  
Deep eyes, and wealth of tresses, balmy lips,  
Soft lips of truth and tenderness—their hue  
The hearts, the heart's their accent—redolent  
Of poesy, the poesy of heart  
And true romance — the beautiful and bright  
Romance of woman, gentle, noble, true,  
And pure, unstained, as that fair English breast

Whose virgin snow no breath, no thought has  
touched.

I sought; I seek; and I shall find —— shall find,  
Beyond her, and beyond my blind heart's dreams,  
The one conceived —— thee, inconceivable! \*

Another, then, be mine. Another will:

I hear it. I shall see her, but not now:

I shall behold her, but not nigh.† I think

I soon shall see her — can I not? — perhaps

In some far other world. And I will seek

That other fairer ‡ through the wilds of life,

And through the desert gloom, the Void beyond,

And through the azure deep of death, where lie —

Beneath *that* SUN —— the Islands of the Blest.

\* “He calls her ‘divine Julie.’ It certainly was another epithet originally. I remember to have first read it ‘inconceivable Julie,’ and to have thought it the best word in the whole book.”—BROUGHAM, *Men of Letters in the time of George III.*

† I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh.”—*Numb. xxiv. 17.*

‡

“O my light-bearer,  
Could another fairer  
Lack to thee, lack to thee?”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

And she shall yet, shall soon, be won ; perhaps  
By martyrdom : the martyrdom by fire  
Remains, though Rome be quenched : we breathe  
the flame —

The fiercer fever, or slow fire, of life —  
The fire of trial, the consuming fire  
That speeds us to the stars : it is the lot  
That human hearts inherit ; fire and light  
Inheriting from heaven, and yielding back,  
In thoughts and hopes and sighs. And man may  
bear

More than the loss of woman ; more than this  
Fate of fair dreams, that fleet and are but false.  
Fleet, then, the false ; though fair as forms divine,  
As gods of early Greece ; and be the true  
Revealed, though first in suffering, through the world  
Tracked by its blood, and through the gates of death.  
And let the day of martyrdom dawn red.  
And let the doom descend upon my heart,  
The darkness of the passion on my soul ;  
And the pale ghosts of buried thoughts arise,  
And walk the city of my midnight mood,  
The desolate dark citadel of thought.  
Though the deep passion darken earth and heaven,  
I can endure the hour : no saint, indeed ;

But martyr : mine the martyrdom of life ;  
Not brief, bright, glorious death. It shall be borne.  
The sun-starred day of death will dawn, at last,  
Upon the night of life : my star will rise ;  
And the lost Pleiad, and the bridal star.  
And I shall hear —— the martyr hears it, hears  
Most melody in heaven — the beckoning voice  
Of Spirit and of Bride. And I shall learn  
Another name than Imogen ; for not  
By that shall I be saved ; and I may learn  
That what He wills is peace at last, and far  
Beyond our hopes, our dreams ; and I may glance  
On all the past, scarce seen, so far below,  
With half a smile, or one half-clouded thought.  
Vain dreams again ! I dreamt of heaven before.  
There was no heaven — I saw, and did not see.  
It was but mirrored : not yet “ face to face.”

. . . . .  
I was not prescient—I my beauteous hopes  
Half trusted : but prophetic may have been  
That strain, the first inspired by thee ; that now  
Echoes in this, the last ; a farewell, flung  
O'er broken harp, from heart superior still,  
O'er all the visions it evokes or sees

As thee, fair girl, I see : and thou art but  
A passing vision, by the heart arrayed.  
In the heart's hues. It is but all in vain.  
'Twas but a beauteous vision. Fare thee well.

— It was a beauteous vision —

Fare thee well.

## A Fragment.

---

THAT might be inspiration—once, with lips,  
 To touch thy golden strings, thou fairer Muse  
 Than thy Castalian sisters, thou that art  
 Embodied music, and the very life  
 Of Poesy made woman.

. . . . .

All poetry, all woman—heaven with earth  
 In thee so blended—sunlight locks and smiles,  
 And starlight night of eyes, and dewy lips,  
 Fresh as young Flora on a morn of May—  
 With all that's most of heaven-on-earth, what most  
 Makes earth our all; with heaven, some clouds of  
     earth,  
 Of sweetest, heavenliest hues, eclipsing heaven.

## A Fragment.

---

I'd give thee gifts of God. I would not give  
An earthly crown, nor wear. Ah, thou should'st  
wear

The amaranth ; thou should'st be glorified  
And made immortal in the world of song.  
Thou blessed one ! thou shalt be glorified  
And shine immortal in the world of God. .

## A Fragment.

---

——— To have won

That which had stamped me noble (so to be  
 Loved is to be ennobled) from such lips  
 As thine, Aspasian heroine-martyr, hers  
 Who acted Rome with dagger, theirs whose hearts  
 Beat Marseillaise along the thundering streets,  
 Up to the scaffold, thence up to the stars!

. . . . .

Day dark, but glorious, when great thoughts strove  
 fierce  
 For what they felt their own; quenched yet again,  
 In the red glare of vulgar glory, when  
 Fell France before the brass-and-clay false god,  
 Liberticide and liar, assassin half,  
 Half cheat,—fit founder of a new true race.

“Sighing like Furnace.”

---

THERE have been many darkened days for me,  
And many nights of heavy-treading thought  
That through the echoing gloom of clanging hours  
(Rung out with knells, the knells of youth and love),  
And down the desolation of my heart  
Strayed slow and weary : many sunless days  
And starless nights have been, since this new life  
Of love usurped my being. Many pangs  
I owe thee : many hours of peace, and more  
Than peace which had been mine, thou owest me.  
When shall I pay thee pangs, and win from thee  
My share of happy hours and placid rest ?

Long time it was ; and all one thought of thee,  
One thought of thee afar—one night ; without,

The desolate gloom ; the wasting fire within.  
I have borne well. I bore that love-pang long :  
I cherished it. All that is aught of thee  
I cherish. Never once—not when I most  
Endured, nor when I loved thee least—not once  
Have I reproached the hour that gave thee to  
My gaze ; which never since has strayed from thee,  
And from which thou shalt never more depart.  
To dwell on thee, though thou would'st dwell afar—  
Afar—I knew not where, nor whose, nor what—  
To be with thee in spirit, though to thine  
No memory bore one cherished thought of me.—  
Even that was happiness—that was, or seemed,  
A happiness, or like some happiness.  
That still was sweet : there was some sweetness in  
That anguish—in the thought that 'twas for thee.

To bear the burden of my life, borne up  
By thought of thee, soothed by the sweetness of  
Thy treasured and immortal looks and words,  
And of the flowers and verdure of the grave  
That bloomed before my eyes like early spring,  
And by the hope of one tear there—not thine—  
And by the hope of after dreams of thee—  
Even so to live was sweet—almost as sweet

As so to die : 'twas sweet because it was  
To die for thee.

But I will live for thee ;  
Will live to love thee, and to cherish this—  
The sweeter thought than ever bloomed for me  
Then, when I knew thee not—the truer thought  
Of thee, whom more to know is more to love ;  
The thought that dims the past, and poesy,  
With brighter truth ; the vision that at last  
Reveals the truth of heaven, and on my heart  
And senses, on my soul and on my mind,  
Beams with all beauty ; from thy looks, thy motion,  
From all thy loveliness—incarnate heaven  
Of starbright charms—new light at each new  
phase—  
Shedding soft splendour ; from thy lips a strain .  
Like the love-music of the land of light—  
Light—music—love—the swimming spirit sinks  
In sweet inebriation.

Glorious girl !

Thy spell hath power to take away all power  
Of utterance of thy praise. No voice but his  
Whose voice is most like thine (what angel he?)  
Should breathe of thee. But Love is worthy ; Love  
Is of th' immortals and the gods : there is

Immortal passion in a mortal heart :  
Nor angel nor archangel can transcend,  
Nor jealous heaven itself o'errule it : that  
(That only) is beyond thee : thou nor know'st  
That love, nor wilt, nor can'st : it is beyond  
Thy starriest thought ; and thou wilt ever owe  
Worlds of lost love : thou never wilt requite.  
'Tis not unworthy to be love of thee.  
No, not of thee, with all thy powers and spells  
Of beauty, all thy wealth of gem-stored mind,  
Thy height of heart—the wealth, the height,  
wherein  
Thou sitt'st like Cassiopeia throned in stars—  
Is that love all unworthy. By that love  
Am I ennobled. What I was or had  
Is multiplied. I live a loftier life,  
I find a fairer fate than e'er I dreamed.  
Domains of Eden spread within my heart ;  
And streams of life make music to the flowers ;  
And Alps rise white, and seek the pure profound ;  
And murmurous breezes, soft with future spring,  
Breathe low of happy isles beyond the seas.  
And, by the deep and subtle fire sublimed,  
My spirit with the constellations dwells,  
Life and the world transcending.

If I must

Yet live the life of earth, a life of thoughts  
And passion—if the fire that preys upon me,  
Still higher fed and quickened as I come  
To draw fresh draughts of beauty from thy look,  
And deeper flushes of the longing heart  
From the rose-breath of those red, virgin buds—  
If the keen flame must all consume me—well.  
So shall my life exhale in sweets—faint sweets  
These thoughts of her—faint as to Love’s fierce soul  
Seem thoughts that should be act—still sweets, and  
sweet

As sighs of flowers : so shall I yield me up  
In incense to a goddess. Happy he  
Who dies in his devotion, though but vain.  
Ah ! happier he who, in the beauteous faith  
Of early Hellas,\* died once mingled with  
A goddess—mortal in immortal quenched  
And lost—how well expended !—all in her.

\* ——— ἐπεὶ οὐ βιοθάλμιος ἀνὴρ  
Γίγνεται, ὅς τε θεαῖς ἐννάζεται ἀθανάτησι.

Hom., *Hymn. in Ven.* 510.

*Rosalind.*

---

“It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;—  
It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,—  
And so am I for Rosalind.”

WHY win these words their way? These words are  
but

The breath of love ; and love itself is vain.  
My heart lies wrecked and waste : the desert wind,  
That wanders in its lone dark halls and bowers,  
And falling towers, and haunted donjon depths,  
Is no soft sigh to breathe upon the lyre.

Love ! words are not thy language.

What are words,  
That words should aught avail, if the true heart's  
Best worship, warm as blood, as life-blood, and  
With life poured forth in sacrifice, be vain?

If the cold rock—for cold it is, and rock,  
Though all one gem, one chrysolite entire—  
Feel not the near throb of the heaving deep,  
Hear not the voice of the great deep, that swells,  
And beats, and breaks, before it, at its feet,  
Shall the faint echoes of the shore, the faint,  
Far whispers of the flowery banks, be felt,  
Be heard, by that proud rock?

I breathe not words,  
But fire. But what is breath?

Am I to this  
Come now?—Am I the thing of sighs and words?

I grasped the problem, the deep theme of life,  
Strongly, and held it in the light, and said,  
“I'll solve it: I will have the truth, the real,  
The life of life”—Is this the oracle:  
“It is to be all made of sighs and tears”?

I grow debased of spirit : from its throne  
My spirit by a tyrant is deposed,  
And sinks, and is a slave.

Yet late, methought,  
It rose ennobled in its passion by  
That passion's height, and by the hope of her,  
The seen so bright and fair. Most fair, most  
bright

She is, and high that passion ; but the hope  
Has sunk ; and now the fire that soared and shone  
Preys deep within ; the eagle thought that swooped  
At that wild heart, by that fair quarry lured  
Far down the eddying winds of passion, turns,  
A vulture, on my own, and rends me, and  
I bleed away.

I sink ; the sweetness of  
The thought of her sinks into me—my soul  
Dissolves : as in the dying throes of love  
Sinks the spent spirit, all my spirit sinks  
And melts : melts all my o'erfull heart, almost  
Into my eyes, as on her look I dwell,  
Or on her motions, which my following gaze  
Tracks as one tracks sweet music in the air,  
Or the bright steps of saint that treads the sky,

Or on her voice that bears my heart to heaven  
Sublimed into the heavenly like her own.

Yet was I strong and free, though now no more.  
I still had mastery o'er myself, and o'er  
My senses and my heart, and all the things  
Wherein so many sink—I had, through all  
Temptation, and all evil ; unto which  
If I myself delivered, well I felt  
My own deep will and lofty beacon-thought  
Superior still. I knew that I could be  
My own deliverer still. Thro' pleasure and  
Through love, (if that were love,) I still could soar  
Into my proper region. From those nights  
Thronged thick with ardours as the sky with  
stars,

As the dark jungles of that Eastern clime  
With wild and beauteous things of Eastern sun,  
I rose, unspent, unstayed : with steady beat  
Of outstruck pinion, my free spirit winged  
The keen clear air of morning, and surveyed  
Its provinces — the strange things of the world,  
Arts, cares, and toils, the lofty lands of lore,  
Song, science — and, beyond the breath of earth,  
Outshot the winds, and soared into the far.

I rose o'er love and pleasure and the world,  
Its cares and strifes and passions, as I rose  
In the strength of love of Freedom, love of Right,  
High over circumstance and prejudice,  
High over things and thoughts that are to men  
What Reason, Truth, and Liberty should be.

I thought I rose. I know I fall. I fail,  
And falter, more than falter. I have lost  
The path I trod, the heart that bore me up,  
The heart that there found home. I have left the  
heights  
For the deep vales ; the soaring rocks that were  
My home, the home of storms and eagles, for  
The soft embowered recess, far down within  
The folding hills — sweet spot, where dreamy  
thoughts,  
Love-languid lying, waste them on the flowers,  
Or moss, of Fancy — lush luxuriance, rife  
With golden youth. For the sweet gloom of yon  
Dim dell of Nymphs, I leave the shining alps  
Of Mind, heights hoar with heaven, heights with  
blue heaven  
Associate. For the murmuring streams I leave  
The land of thunder. From the pure intense,

Where stars shine keen, descending, I would lay  
My head among the clouds that float around  
My heaven — the soft sweet clouds that breathe of  
her.

From the deep mystic midnight, hour of heaven,  
When worlds of worlds of light reveal them to  
The starry gaze of science, sinks my soul  
On the hot, throbbing couch, lair of wild thoughts  
Of her night-beauty in its every form.

I fail. I sink away. Ah! I am lost  
In beauty and in love. What am I now?  
*"It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—  
It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,—  
And so am I for Rosalind."*

I am,  
Or was. Last night I sat where men were gathered  
In close and earnest converse, on a theme  
Of high concern, the theme of that the hour  
Charged with a nation's thoughts, a nation's cares;  
And voices not ineloquent, and not  
Unknown to world-wide echoes, near me breathed  
What stirred in those large breasts, and sat in those  
Deep, thoughtful brows; the vivid things, the keen,

Strong judgings, of the minds elect whose 'tis  
To hold the mastery of mankind, to deal  
With problems whose solutions are the fates  
Of lands and peoples, to dispense the fates  
That lie in the will of senates, which they wield.  
I sat, and, half apart, and more withdrawn  
In spirit, heard their words; heard words within  
Th' unapprehensive sense, sounds but as words  
Transmitted to the mind, which, far away,  
Or far within, withdrawn into the heart,  
Mused its own things, my own strange earthly lot.  
And as I sat and gazed (with some fixed look  
I looked across the voices little heard)  
The lights shone haloed, dim: some drops had welled  
Up from the heart; but I commanded down  
My heart; and those few drops of molten steel  
Ebb'd back; and there they lie; and I am still  
Unstained; and I gazed on till all was clear  
(There's light within, and we may gaze things clear),  
And grew myself, and saw the rest, and heard;  
And turned to other voices than the heart's.

. . . . .  
I bleed to faintness. I have lost heart-blood.  
And all my being, all things, near or far,  
Seem poisoned by one rankling wound. I hate

Books, and the air, my studies, and my Wales,  
 Almost my friends. I hate the world, and, most,  
 Myself—myself, for what I scorn the while  
 I cherish it, this love that should not be,  
 That can but be my bane. Almost I hate—  
 “What Power delights to torture us?”\*

—To see

What might be fairest—and to seem to see  
 That all that's fair is false, that Fate forbids,  
 And answers, as the silence of the night  
 In the dark Garden answered that deep prayer,  
 “*It is not possible*”—that not herself,  
 Nor I, nor Heaven itself, could make it so  
 On earth! It were not well, and cannot be.  
 Dark problem!—it will cost me many a night  
 To solve it as I would.

Strange—to be *thus*,  
 And *she* before me—to be all unblest,  
 And yet to be with her, who seems my all.

- \* “What Power delights to torture us? I  
 That to myself I do not wholly owe  
 What now I suffer, though in part I may.”

*Julian and Maddalo.*

I

She *is*. I knew that I beheld my fate  
When I found her. I see it. I can see  
But her. And whither shall I flee?—where seek  
A refuge-city? Blood-thoughts, fleet and fierce,  
Still bay behind: they hunt me to the grave,  
And there may seize their prey.—Ay, whither flee?  
Where seek what I must find? There may be things  
Yet fairer—than the lily fairer, than  
The mossrose sweeter; but 'tis those dear flowers  
That make our Eden; Memory's, Fancy's flowers  
Are they. Might I for fairer range the stars  
As with archangel's wing, I'd not away:  
'Tis to her lips would I.

And for the dream,  
While for thus dwelling there I mock myself,  
For the vain vision, I my world resign.  
I leave the land that was my home, the lands  
That were my realm, or should be, the fair land  
I leave, I leave the highlands, to look o'er  
The desert of the vain mirage, where all  
Is Afric and enchantment—sand, simoom,  
Wild, weird, and false; a waste but bounded by  
The black deep of the world beyond the grave.  
That deep—its hollow sound comes o'er me oft

By night — and now makes sounds upon my strings—  
Sounds murmuring of isle-shores, of that far isle  
Of fair Calypso; where a goddess met  
The surge-borne wanderer, and to hero who  
Would but home-happiness and Greece resign  
Offered soft bliss and immortality —  
Sounds—rippling waves from golden Circe's shores,  
Where she, sweet witch, at last bade him, whom well  
She taught to traverse hell, ascend her\* heaven.

\* Odyss. x. 333.

FROM THE SPANISH.

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Rosalie.

“Romance muy doloroso.”

“A woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.”

—PERHAPS for ever. Well—it shall be borne,  
If life can be. Oh! let me not be weak.  
Oh! let me not be still less worthy her.

. . . . .

I had, methought, some portion of a power  
That should be mine—the strength that bears up  
well  
(None well but those who show not that they bear),

And breathes no token of a breaking heart.  
I think there was no weakness then—the time  
Not long ago—when much oppressed my heart.  
Yes—there was weakness then, if tenderness  
Be weakness—then when, almost overfraught  
With tenderest thoughts of thee, with anguish at  
Thy thoughts, unanswered long, I sought that home  
So long my heart's—not then, because not thine—  
And there found love and welcome, there found  
theirs

The still so dear—not dearest (for to be  
Tenderest and truest is not to be dearest),  
Nor those whom I should seek if I were one  
To tell love-tales : methinks I know not how  
To tell of self to ask th' inverted grin  
Styled sympathy, nor how to travel down  
To men, nor up, for balm, which only grows,  
For me, on the lone alps of my own mind.

To them, those dear ones, I nor would, nor could  
Turn then, in that lone anguish of my heart—  
Least could I then to their hearts. So I smiled.

I think they saw no weakness, though they bent  
On my unfaltering lips, untroubled eye,  
Those eyes of woman, eyes before whose gaze

The heart so oft lies bare : mine has not so  
To thy star-vigils—yet I know not that :  
I think thou know'st me : would we both knew all.

I could not then seek solace there, where I  
In aught else might, and there should find, though  
man,

Though God himself, forsook me. I nor could,  
Nor would, reveal me. What I bore I bore.  
And so I met them, calm. I never would  
Wear heart on sleeve : for daws nor yet for doves  
Would I. Becaw'd, becoo'd, be they that list.

Oft have I borne my heart to Nature's (she  
My other goddess, haply the sole true—  
God's daughter and God's image and God's own) :  
But I have never sought a mortal breast,  
A human heart, for solace : thine I might  
So seek ; for thou might'st be the one for me ;  
And I would lay me there, and thou should'st lull  
My throbbing temples and my aching heart.

It *was* my dream. And now methinks I never  
Shall seek that lull, save where the heart should be ;  
Where I shall once sleep well, and little reck  
Though thine shall be another's : I shall still  
Lie lulled, though he lie there ; unless it be  
As I have dreamt : I dreamt in dreams of hell,

That consciousness writhes burning in the grave—  
*That* thought the only thing I ever feared—  
The thought, scarce yet subdued, that made me feel  
Less free and less a Roman than I would.

And so with those soft steps and gentle looks  
Along my path, we walked among the trees  
And dawning flowers, that starred the sod with  
    smiles,  
Stirred with the first sweet change of the fresh year;  
And dark behind the woods the mountains rose,  
With that unpainted purple of the spring.

I walked with sisters, and I was with thee.  
I heard their tones, and in my wandering heart  
Heard only thine. I answered, calm, I think,  
And seemed to smile; and it was happiness  
(As deep as some sweet smiles and loving looks):  
Nor saw they that when on the deep, dark earth,  
Then quickening into verdure, (never more  
The deep, dark heart) I dwelt with steady eye,  
'Twas with the wistful thought how well it were  
To lie with slumbering flowers and not to wake,  
To sleep with buried flowers and not to rise;  
To lie below, to be where never more  
The morning of the year or vernal breath

Should stir the weary heart, or call it back  
To the dark world above—how well it were  
To be beneath the tread, and feel no more  
The pace of the slow hours that strike their stamp  
In the hot ashes of my desert heart.

No weakness! I will face, and in the face  
Look, all my fate. Forth, thoughts, or things, or  
forms,

Fair forms or fell, that rise within me as  
I dwell on what has been, and might have been,  
And is, and will be. Some things still seem fair,  
E'en through the ghostly gloom projected now  
On the dim, deep dream of the dark To-come.

Rise first, fair forms, heart-hallowed memories,  
Heart-cherished hopes, soul-worshipped images  
Of her, and of the heaven that was of her,  
Who still is all my world and all my heaven.

Fair form, that seemed almost my own, and mine  
For ever! can I bear the thought that that  
May never be? Can I bear thought like that  
To-day? 'Twas but last night I dreamt the dream—  
'Twas but last night I clasped thee, soft and warm,  
In close compressure—all my soul, in that

Dreamt contact, throbbing to thy dulcet charms—  
And touched thy cheek, and touched thy glowing  
neck,

And felt thy heart, perchance not all untouched  
(Though thou the sense, the thought, the dream  
disown);

For thou didst lay thy head upon my breast,  
Upon my heart—Ah! that there, lulled to peace  
And bliss-like dreams thou blessest, that dear head  
Might lie whene'er thou lay'st it in the lap  
Of night!—lone night, whose starry hours flow on,  
Dark, silent, lost—deep night, less rich with stars  
Than these my wasted years might be with thee.

Must I resign her, whom I clasped; who lay  
There, with that look; whose rose-lips breathed those  
words;

Whose dewy rose-lips yielded all those sweets?

I have had happy dreams of golden years  
Illumed by thee; and in the light of hope,  
*That* hope, have seen all things far fairer than  
Aught that had been—than memory fairer, and  
Than any hope save hope of thee. I dreamt  
Sweet dreams of sweet heart-home in thee; and in

The visionary future every scene  
Of home and happiness has worn some hues,  
Smiled with some light, of *thee*; and all my thoughts  
Have breathed of thee; and of a future I  
Have known not how to think save as of thee.

That home, all home, all thought of home for me,  
Breathes of one memory: home is, where thou art.

By my heart's light, I picture on my mind,  
Bright on the dark, those happy future days  
That will not be; that may not be; for thou  
May'st not be mine. Some stern strange Fate forbids.  
*Thou* canst not be.

I see thee when thy foot,  
Made to press roses and be pressed by lips,  
Too lovely and too light for other touch,  
Treads my then hallowed ground, and through the  
bowers

Flits fay-like, with a track of light; those bowers  
By fairer thing or sweeter never yet,  
Nor to be, blest; by nobler never graced.

I see, I feel, the time, too happy time,  
When all is home to thee; to thee become  
Dear and familiar; all becomes a thing  
Hallowed by thee—our home: thyself a part  
Of all that is my pleasure and my pride,

Or, rather, all of thee, and as of thee  
Endeared to me. I see thee, all thyself,  
Seen, honoured, loved, by all, as thou should'st be ;  
So loved, so honoured, for thine own sweet sake.

And thou art versed in all that brings me back  
Childhood and youth ; each legendary spot  
Revisited, and all renewed, revived,  
Relumed, by thy sweet presence ; each wild flower  
Fresh springing with the bloom of days gone by,  
Fresh as the voice of birds and mountain streams.

I breathe the morn with thee ; thy morning look  
Gleams in the sunshine ; I thy sweetness breathe  
Among the roses ; and I see thee set,  
Fair picture, at the window, rose-embowered.  
And now thy foot is on the sward, thy locks  
Wave in the shadowy light beneath the trees.  
Not long ago we parted—I know where—  
Yet seem two hours long fast from lips like those.

I come beside thee where thou half reclin'st,  
Breathing sweet summer in the glow of noon,  
That woos thy shaded charms ; thy red ripe lips  
Breathing rose-odours rich.

And now we rise,  
And seek the free air of the breezy hills ;  
And fleet steeds bear us o'er the wide, wild downs,

Unchecked, unless some mossy spot invite  
With verdure too alluring : spots there be  
So soft, so sweet, we linger if we pause.

And now the mountain shadows, darkly streaming  
From the bright sunset land, spread toward the east ;  
And the deep hues of evening in the west  
Blush bridal beauty, as the sun, all fire,  
Sinks in the chasm of yon dark rifted hills.  
And that sweet hour of evening, hour of love  
And memory—*that* seems most, seems all, thine  
own.

And now we stray through twilight groves ; now  
stand

In the white moonlight, where the shadowy trees  
Chequer the grass ; and the night-odours hang  
In the soft dewy air ; and one more fair  
Than moonlight, and than breath of June more sweet,  
Hangs on my arm ; best beauty of the night ;  
And all this balmy, beauteous night is mine.

. . . . .  
These thoughts come o'er me—sweet and starry  
thoughts

Of life serene and bright as heaven, and gemmed  
Like heaven with ardours—golden fires of night—  
Each morn another happy day before us,

Each eve the rosy eve of happy night.

Was that a dream?

She laid her dear head there—  
 It lay a moment there — upon my heart  
 It lay; and once again she laid it there.  
 And there, if not upon, within my heart  
 It lies, and still shall lie. She is not mine;  
 But I am hers; and that shall be my dream.

So that dear golden head shall still lie there :  
 (The deep heart's pangs will never break thy rest)—  
 Still nightly there — still there in all my dreams  
 Of home, in all my dreams of happy hours  
 Hereafter, and in all my dreams of heaven.  
 And that sweet face shall still lie nestling there.

—All mine—my own—mine, and for ever mine.  
 Mine till the deep bliss all my life absorb.  
 Be thou mine own till then ; I thine will be  
 Till then, and, yes, thereafter ; for the grave  
 Is not the grave of love : the earth is not  
 The grave of flowers : the heaven-sprung heart, that  
     has  
 No second spring beneath these skies, shall find

Eternal spring beyond them. I would have  
Thee mine till then—mine last of earth, and first  
Of heaven—(what heaven for me?—none save with  
thee)—

Thee, last beheld on earth—my dying gaze  
On thy sweet face, which might revive from death—  
Thy voice—still later heard—last sound of earth  
(Last felt, save one thing, unresigned with life,  
Thy hand in mine)—heard still, and still *thy* voice,  
Thy tones to me—thine sweetest, though I hear  
With thee thy sister-angels of the sky—  
Thee mine for ever, far beyond the grave;  
Mine in the world of spirits, in the worlds  
That spirits walk, the spheres that may be ours  
When hearts yet long to live in love on earth  
Shall long have slept in earth, laid dust to dust,  
Where lie the loved and lost of other days,  
Shall long have been of that to which resolve  
The highest and the truest hearts of earth.

Ah happy fancy-future—so with thee  
To live, to die—living or dying thine!  
Ah happier times than happiest early days  
Remembered! I, that but remember now,  
Might yet behold those happy days renewed,  
And fairer—fairer far, beheld with thee.

On home-thoughts, thoughts of past and future,  
dwelling,

I see : I see fair childhood there again,  
Among the flowers, along the walks, among  
The thickets, haunting each familiar spot.  
Fair things ! sweet sister-girls, with sunny locks  
Down their white necks—her features and her look  
In each, just varied, as she varies hers  
In lighter strain or deeper—childhood, grace,  
And beauty, mind and heart; fair promise of  
Best blessing—pledge of good and happiness,  
Transmitted with the sweet one's true pure blood.

. . . . .  
And other home might be : another home  
Might be our own ; “ the mind is its own place : ”  
A fair fate lies within it. Other woods  
And hills and heavens might welcome love : there are  
Stars of all skies and flowers of every clime.  
And where thou art are constellated flowers  
And brightest stars ; and where thou art is spring,  
And where thou art is home ; and there is heaven.

. . . . .  
So far my fancy wanders—mounts so high,  
To fall as far ; for from my height I sink

Into the real. I see what may not be.  
I see what is; too well what is to be.

Well—if it must—But must it? Must I live  
And die without her? Is it fate? Must this,  
*This* be my penance? Might not other, cannot  
Aught else, suffice? Cannot I for my sin  
By aught, aught else atone? I almost thought  
That what has been (my bane, sin-dark) might be  
Almost enough, whate'er my sin. I own  
All, all. Can I have sinned a sin so deep  
That this must yet be? Must I live, and love—  
Love on for ever, as we love the lost,  
The lost for ever? Must I live, and think? —  
And think?—no never *think*, but ever *feel*—  
Have I not borne enough? I have borne for her  
What none but one—one whom I lose for her,  
Would bear for me. I have borne my martyrdom :  
Where is my crown?

What is it?

. . . . .

What will be?

I gaze, and seem to see. I see too well.  
I see long tracts of time—for even days  
Like those, like these, these lingering, lonely days,

Are long—dark tracts of desert—desert all—  
Earth without flowers, and seasons without change,  
Heaven without stars, days without Rosalie,  
Nights—but there is a last, long night, at last.

The ruin of my heart glooms black before me ;  
In the void chasm it sinks—sheer precipice,  
Down to the depths of fire. And darker yet  
Loom formful dreams, that seize me as I gaze.

. . . . .

# Lines found on a Felo-de-se,

(SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LORD MOUNT COFFEEHOUSE).\*

---

IT COMES—the hour that yields thee up, that brings  
Thee to thy bridal, me to mine—And where  
Is mine? Where I must seek to cease to see;  
Where Misery weds Despair, and tries to cease.

That hour seems here, already. I have heard —  
I know—I see.

I see thee set thy foot  
Upon the step—white foot, that on my soul  
Prints fire. I see—I hear. I will not hear  
*That sound* if this right hand can reach this heart.

\* “—— the Irish peer,  
Who killed himself for love (with wine) last year.”

I pace the chamber. Some short words I write,  
 With steady hand, for those whom I would spare  
 If I could live. I cannot. Better this  
 Than to outlive myself—better than what  
 Might be—"some six months yet."\* I feel what I  
 Should be. I feel my head against the bars.  
 I felt the iron in my brain when she  
 Spoke of—I well remember what, and how.

There will be some sweet tears, from those that  
*weep,*  
 Some words, from those that *speak*—some kinder  
 thoughts

Than *thou* hast thought of me—some sorrow (some  
 Is not a thing of words; but weeps apart  
 When words are over and the world at rest.)

I see—black garments in the summer shades,  
 Where each strays slow along th' accustomed walks,  
 Apart; and if they meet they speak no word,  
 And turn aside.

And—but that too must be.  
 'Tis all before me; but I see as well  
 What life would be. I must not, must not, live.

\* "That love-devoted youth is ours; let's sit  
 Beside him: he may live some six months yet."

*Julian and Maddalo.*

I cannot. I am over-tried. It may  
Be weakness, what I do ; it may be craven ;  
It may be most unworthy, all in vain :  
I learnt it from the Roman. I will do  
As Romans did. Perhaps I cannot die :  
I'll try. If all that I have borne be not  
Enough atonement, let despair suffice.

I cannot learn the lesson : all I know  
Is, that all's lost : my hopes, my dreams, are gone,  
Are gone ; and I must go. I stay too long.

I sum my manhood, stay my spirit, stand  
With steadfast gaze on earth and heaven and death ;  
And know me now myself, and what I do.

Well, one more hour of earth and sky. One hour  
I'll watch the stars. I will not see the sun.

So wear the deep night-watches—how with thee ?  
*I'll stay that thought.*

The night is now far spent.  
The stars are paling in the cold, clear sky.  
A star has set upon the mountains now.

Farewell the mountains, and farewell the stars !  
And farewell Rosalie !

“More than Conqueror.”

A FRAGMENT.

---

It is the Holy Land that looms along the dawning  
light;

And champion of the cross is he, the sad, stern,  
Templar knight.

. . . . .  
And, far from where his fathers fought, from where  
his fathers lie,

From that fair, glorious land where he had hoped to  
do and die,

From thee, thou lovely land of hills and lakes and  
mountain valleys,

Of mingled vast and wild and sweet, where exile-  
spirit rallies,

And far from her, the fairer one, for whom the cham-  
pion sighs,  
Upon the warring eastward wave his wings of wind  
he plies ;  
All burning for the boundless war, where he knee-  
deep will ride  
In blood adown the hosts that blaze the Soldan's  
crescent pride ;  
All ardent in the thought To be where heaven of earth  
was born,  
Where Christ exalted died, to rise in earliest Easter  
morn —  
The land of hope to him, who comes with spirit  
sinking, soaring,  
To cast him down before the Risen, a ray of life  
imploring,  
To cast him down, with casque and crown,\* the  
Throned in heaven adoring.

. . . . .

He comes to seek the Throned who came to tread  
the field of blood ;  
Who bore the glorious crown of thorns beyond the  
stars of God ;

Whom, weltering in his mighty woe, that shook the  
 hosts on high,  
 The pale moon watched from Olivet, the angels from  
 the sky ;  
 Who, agonizing for a world those tears of blood out-  
 weigh,  
 That night lay lonely on the earth, in deep  
 Gethsemane,  
 And, prostrate, prayed that it might pass, but bowed  
 His human will,  
 And rose, and soared through all the skies, and reigns  
 on Zion-hill.

. . . . .

He, champion, comes to bide by night in deep  
 Gethsemane,  
 To watch away the starless hour of bloody agony,  
 To plunge his soul in deadliest strife, to pour his  
 soul in prayer,  
 Till the white angel\* gleam adown the haunted  
 midnight air.

. . . . .

\* "And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven  
 strengthening him."—*Luke xxii. 43.*

He thirsts, he pants, for thee, thou Queen of earth  
and bride of Heaven,

High Zion, throned on holier hill than those eternal  
Seven—

Who sitt'st so pale, the paynim's prey; whose every  
tear's a gem—

O fair, O fairer for thy loss! O fall'n Jerusalem!

. . . . .  
O sought so oft by pilgrim thought, and seen afar  
so well!

O Mount of Olives, oft His seat! O Kedron of the  
dell;

O mountains, where He walked with God, and knelt  
and prayed alone!

O sea Tiberias—lake and shore, hills, forest—land  
of One!

O Calvary! where angel-hosts and legioned fiends  
stood awed,

When bursting earth and darkened heaven avouched  
the dying God!

O holiest land! O Hope of faith, and now no more  
the far,

How hails the warrior-pilgrim all—the Holy Land  
and War!

He hails the land of Holy War; he hails the land  
of God;  
He hails the land of Heaven, that dawned when  
this the Conqueror trod;  
And through the rising mist of earth the hills of  
Zion rise;  
The everlasting mountains there; and there he scales  
the skies.

. . . . .  
But is the land before thine eyes the promised  
Palestine?  
A distant land, that lies in gloom, shall first, Sir  
Knight, be thine.

. . . . .  
For the hand of Death is on him: he is stricken:  
he must yield—  
For the dart unseen hath found him: he shall never  
see the field.

. . . . .  
He shall ride no more in battle; he shall quench no  
more his spur;  
He shall couch no lance at Soldan; he shall kneel no  
more to Her.

. . . . .

And the dawning hills of Eastern land grow dim,  
for here 'tis night.

And, lo! the Morning-Land, that looms along the  
Western light.

. . . . .  
And the spirit pants, as pants the hart at bay upon  
the steep,

For the land of hills and valleys, that it sees beyond  
the deep.

And the hand of Death is on him: he is stricken:  
he must die:

And the spirit sinks within him—no! it rises to  
the sky

. . . . .

1848.

## The Sword of the Spirit.

A FRAGMENT.

---

“ I am come to send fire on the earth ; and what will I  
if it be already kindled ? ”

SWORD of the Spirit ! from on high  
Flash through the stormy midnight sky,  
And shed thy sheen abroad.  
O sword of fire ! O burning light !  
Fling thy broad splendour o'er the night !  
Flame forth, thou sword of God !

. . . . .

Thou flaming sword, thou streaming star,  
Bickering and burning for the war  
Once at thy gleam to blaze !  
Sword of the Lord of Hosts ! advance,  
Dart o'er the earth a kindling glance,  
Dart down thy keenest rays !

. . . . .

## Christmas.

A FRAGMENT.

---

"I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be fulfilled."

"Until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts."

O BORN of heaven, and hymned on high,  
 Death-doomed, but, bright as Orient sky,  
 Re-born in earth, thy bonds like slumber rending—  
 From the dark dungeon, sealed \* with seal  
 Of priest and Cæsar †, rock and steel,  
 From the deep grave, beyond the sun ascending!

. . . . .

\* So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."—*Matt.* xxvii. 66.

† The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar."  
 —*John*, xix. 15.

O not in vain, whate'er betide,  
Has seer foreseen, has champion died —  
O not in vain ! th' eternal Word is spoken.  
Up from the earth, where once He lay,  
Flashes a gleam of dawning day :  
Their night is now far spent ; their spell is broken.

. . . . .  
O vocal once with loftier lays  
Than rise in these our evil days—  
Oh, earth ! earth ! earth ! O heart of man, awaken !  
It is not false : a Conqueror came :  
What if he left a martyr's name ?  
He left the dark veil rent, the temple shaken.

## The Martyrs.

---

"The seeds are sleeping in the soil : meanwhile  
 The tyrant peoples dungeons with his prey.  
 Pale victims on the guarded scaffold smile,  
 Because they cannot speak."—SHELLEY.

### I.

THEY perish ; for the first must fall,  
 That stormy path exploring ;  
 But, following far their fiery track,  
 Highkindled hearts are soaring.

### II.

The far-spent night may yet awhile  
 Expand each shadowy pinion.  
 Still stands inscribed in tears and blood  
 The spell of dark dominion.

## III.

Redemption must be blood-bought still ;  
 The champion still be martyr.  
 The priests and Cæsar still may vaunt  
 The spell that is their charter.\*

## IV.

Swoop, eagles ! owlish vultures, swoop !  
 Scream o'er the now low-lying ;  
 And glut ye on the noble heart  
 That thrills and glows undying !

## V.

Mock Cæsars, rage your hour,† that runs  
 As throbs that stanchless fountain !  
 Still sit sublime, strut, stalk, and stamp  
 Upon the heaving mountain.

- \* "Land of the free ! thy kingdom is to come,  
 Of states with laws from Gothic bondage burst,  
 And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst."

CAMPBELL.

† "The devil is come down unto you, having great wrath,  
 because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."—*Rev.*  
*xii. 12.*

## VI.

Though throned on Golgotha ye sit,  
The dead shall rise, and rally ;  
As he whose "visions" were "of God" \*  
Beheld them in the valley.†

## VII.

Sovereigns of slaves, or "subjects," still  
Things of the past devising,  
Hear ye the hymn of Greek‡ Marseilles—  
The France of Vergniaud rising ?

## VIII.

Strike, with your hangman-hands, the brave,  
Their sisters and their daughters !  
Strike, till the voice of blood evoke  
The voice of many waters !

## IX.

Earth, render up that vocal blood !  
Rise, martyrs, brighter, higher —  
The champions of a new crusade,  
Baptized in blood and fire !

\* Ez. i. 1.

† Ez. xxxvii. 1.

‡ Massilia, founded by the Phocians, B.C. 580.

## I.

They perish in their pride ; they pass  
Dark in their haughty anguish :  
Yet shall not every burning thought  
In lonely silence languish.

## XI.

To die a martyr\*—'tis the doom,  
On earth, of high or tender.  
It is to rise, the starred with wreath  
Of amaranthine splendour.

## XII.

The blood that blooms on glorious ground,  
The starry thoughts of sages,  
Are as th' immortal flowers of heaven,  
And gem the night of ages.

## XIII.

And star-like in the storm-swept sky,  
Gleams white with earliest morning,  
That lonely, loftiest, soaring alp,  
A more than meteor warning.

\* "Worth itself is but a charter,  
To be mankind's distinguished martyr."

CAMPBELL.

## XIV.

The light that sets upon the east  
Dawns in the west unfading ;  
And this tempestuous morning-red  
To "perfect day" is spreading.

## XV.

And in the light the phantom forms  
Of Gothic things of folly,  
Scourged to themselves, shall fade and fleet,  
And only Heaven be holy.

## XVI.

Nor all in vain what then shall be  
The "evil days" of story,  
"When discord on the music fell,  
And darkness on the glory."

21 Nov. 1849.

## Popes and Princes.

(A FRAGMENT.)

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"And I saw the woman drunken"—&c.—*Rev.* xvii. 6, 7.

"And the kings of the earth," &c.—*Rev.* xviii. 9.

O FOR the strong voice of that other angel,\*  
 Heard in high Patmos by the lone evangel !

I heard a voice that filled the starry dome,  
 I dreamt of falling Cæsars, falling Rome.

And France cast forth the hoary cheat, who wel  
 Cheated himself at last—alas ! not hell——

\* *Rev.* x. 1, 3.

Who in his yawning pocket stowed the crown \* ;  
 Who feeling for another, lost his own ;  
 Who sneaked from scorn, in consummated shame,  
 To swindled England, with his Spanish fame—

And France brought forth the thought, yet immature,  
 Perhaps—the thought now forth, that shall endure,  
 The time-developed truth †, the truth that will  
 The prayer of prescient Washington ‡ fulfil—

And the fleet fire that flashed from kindled France  
 Far over Europe flung a quickening glance—  
 And startling nations felt the burning light,  
 The beacon-blaze that leapt from height to height,  
 With sudden sheen, half dazing dull and old,  
 Refracted from their chains of steel and gold—  
 And millions caught the keen, contagious fire,  
 That seemed the dawning of the Day of Ire,

\* “ A slave —

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;  
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
 And put it in his pocket.”— *Hamlet*.

† *Vide* Lamartine's Circular.

‡ *Vide* Washington's Valedictory Address (Guizot).

Red glaring o'er a world of strifes and slaughters—  
 Deep calling deep, with voice of many waters—  
 And high mis-rulers dreamt they heard a warning,  
 And, shuddering, felt the glittering shafts of morn-  
 ing—

And upsprang Freedom, and, through all the sky  
 Pouring the late alarum, wild and high,  
 And thundering on and on the maddening strains,  
 Flooded the world with flame, and fused its chains—  
 Some angel still the fire-fraught censer swinging, \*  
 The trumpet louder, louder, clanging, ringing —†

And Germany, high-heaving, with deep throes  
 Of thought-lit spirit, then, at last, arose ;  
 And, like a Mœnad in the forest-gloaming,  
 Through her vast, tangled, haunted mazes roaming,  
 Yearned, in a dim dream, streaked with ruddy light,  
 For liberty, and unity, and might—

And the swoln city of the Danube rose,  
 Threatening th' Imperial idiot's soft repose—

Type of these bastard Cæsars, heirs of shame,

\* Rev. viii. 5.

† Ex. xix. 16, 19.

These Cæsars only in th' accursed name—  
 Far fled the Julian fire,\* th' Augustan mind†—  
 True type that Emperor of th' Imperial kind—  
 Fit emperor, still, for those that still would kneel—  
 These be thy gods, O Israel!—golden veal!—

And, with the charging cry that rouses, rallies,  
 That fires the blood till from the soul it sallies  
 Like crag-born torrents down the mountain valleys,  
 Or thunder-tempest of the wildest sky  
 On the Carpathians, Hungary foamed high—

1850.

- \* "A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire."  
GRAY, *Agrippina*.
- † "Dive Auguste, coelo recepta mens."  
TAC. *Ann.* i. 43.

## Fanaticism:

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“A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest.”—TENNYSON.

“The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour.  
 . . . . Go in this thy might . . . . have not I  
 sent thee?”—*Judges* vi. 12, 14.

THE angel of the Lord, the bright One who,  
 When Midian and the children of the East\*  
 Swept o’er the land, destroyers, came and sat  
 Under the oak at Ophrah, and appeared  
 To the decreed deliverer of his race,  
 The Sword of God, and said, “The Lord is with thee,

\* “The Midianites came up, and the Amalekites, and the children of the east . . . and destroyed the increase of the earth.”—*Judges*, vi. 3, 4.

Thou mighty man of valour!" hath appeared  
In fire to thee: to thee comes voice like those  
Deep Voices\* that announced to Her, the Maid  
Of France, that in the church-vault darkness lay  
Her sword, the sword of crosses.† The true Cross,  
The Cross, not sign, is still the talisman;  
And the true champion of the Cross shall flame  
With brightest, fieriest brand in front of fight.  
Stretch forth thy hand, and seize it! brandish it!—  
Light the church-gloom, the crypt, the charnel of  
Dry bones and sparkless ashes!—brandish it,  
The beacon of the battle of the world!  
Fling the lead scabbard far away!—the sword  
Burns forth, and through the dark gleams bare and  
white—

The pure white light of Heaven, through the pale fire,  
The deep white heat, of passion. Sheath it not—  
Sword of the Spirit! sleep not thou, while Wrong  
Darkens the world—Thou, champion, sheath it not,

\* Sometimes she spoke of her celestial monitors as "mes Voix."

† She received a suit of knight's armour, but refused any other sword but one marked with five crosses (the five wounds?) and lying, as she said, amidst other arms—in the church-vault of St. Catherine, at Fierbois.

Save in the foe. Sheath it in yon proud heart  
Of gorged Oppression. That steeled heart that  
sword

Shall find, far-piercing with its star-like fire.  
For fire it is; and thou shalt cut thy way  
Through the deep host of Darkness: it shall find  
Its way; and it shall win it. The bright sword  
Of God must on—and if through sin, through blood.  
There must be blood for sin; and they have sinned.  
Most scarlet sin against the truth and right  
And man—they, those devourers of the earth  
That style themselves paternal\*—Fathers of  
The people, Fathers of the Church, alike.  
They have sinned a sin of death; the life, the blood,  
Of man is on their heads. He sees it—He  
Whose vengeance is, has in the heavens arrayed  
Deep clouds full charged with fire: the hand He wills  
Shall wield the lightnings of His word, and blast

\* “He was indeed very God, the son of God . . . and yet he breathes no word of arbitrary power, no word of what the devourers of the earth style a paternal government.”—KINGSLEY, *Sermon on the Message of the Church to Labouring Men*.

——“to proclaim his righteous wrath and fury against the devourers of the earth.”—*Id. ib.*

The pinnacles of earth that lure the bolt  
 On palaces and temples built with hands.  
 Heaven ('tis not yon hard heaven, brass to the Jew\*  
 And Greek)† may hear the prophet's prayer. Heaven  
 heard

The bards of Judah, answering aspiration  
 With inspiration ; heard and met the voice  
 That called for lightning (O the thunder-voice,  
 That stormed it as with steeds and car of fire,‡  
 As with the steeds and cars that thronged the hill,§  
 A blaze of war!)—the voice that rose like flame  
 Against the priests and Baal. Once again  
 A voice in this vast desert rises 'gainst  
 The priests|| and Baal :¶ a stern voice rises in  
 The Church that shines with *one* heroic name.

\* Deut. xxviii. 23.

† Pind. Πύθ. x. 27.

‡ "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."—2 *Kings* ii. 12.

§ "And he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—2 *Kings* vi. 17.

|| "No more idolatry or priestcraft to stand between the free soul of man and the God who made him."—KINGSLEY.

¶ Sermon preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, 29 Feb. 1852.

At last with one heroic name\* it shone,  
 When her one hero from his home went forth  
 To die. Hero he went, and martyr laid  
 His head beside the Caramanian hills,†  
 Lone and afar, with God. Shine, martyr! burn,  
 Scattering thine ashes, seeds of fire and light,  
 Far o'er the world's now breaking, reddening East.

24 March, 1852.

\* "Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England, her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is in fact the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own. Her apostolic men, the Wesleys and Elliotts and Brainerds of other times, either quitted, or were cast out of her communion. Her *Acta Sanctorum* may be read from end to end with a dry eye and an unquickened pulse. Henry Martyn . . . is the bright exception."—STEPHEN, *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. ii. p. 336-7.

† "On the 6th of October 1812, in the thirty-second year of his age, he brought the Journal of his life to a premature close . . . while he sought a momentary repose under the shadow of some trees at the foot of the Caramanian mountains."—*Id. ib.* vol. ii. p. 336.

## The Valley.

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"The burden of the valley of vision."

### I.

AGAIN in the valley of beauty ; again  
In the depths of the mountains, the land beyond  
men ;  
Long distant and mystic, in dim-looming blue,  
To the home-haunting spirit the heavenliest hue.

### II.

Long distant and dim, like the skies that we roam  
When star-glancing night reveals glimpses of home,  
Once again, all before me, fair valley, thou art,  
And greener and fresher, as once was my heart.

## III.

O fairer and greener, still, still, to the gaze  
That dwells on a spring-time revived by its rays !  
And why not the spirit's true Garden of bliss ?  
And why not its heaven ?—is there heavenlier than  
this ?

## IV.

And why, when the sunset reveals the Above,  
Now blazoned with glory, now blushing like love,  
Why, when soft summer even lies loveliest, why  
Stirs the heart with a sadness that dims the rapt eye ?

## V.

Why heaves the full heart, that has bright things to  
win,  
With a sense that the sweet day is dying within ?  
Why sinks the keen spirit, a thing that dreams love,  
And darkens as deepens the nymph-haunted grove ?

## VI.

What the thought of the hour ?—that the fair fleet-  
ing day  
Beams glimpses, bright gleams, of the so far away,

"The land very far,"\* that shall lie unexplored  
Till earth unto earth, heart to heart, be restored—

## VII.

That the heart cannot yet wing its way through the  
west,  
With its far-followed visions of Isles of the Blest—  
That something beyond the green woods and vale-  
green,  
And behind the dim hills, and the purple and sheen,

## VIII.

And beyond the blue verge where the hills become  
sky,  
Is yet to the heart as mirage to the eye—  
The dream of the heart, in its haunted unrest,  
As it strays o'er the hills in the light of the west.

## IX.

What is it—this sadness, this weight?—the deep  
sense  
Of beauty and bliss, the fruition intense,

\* "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."—*Is.* xxxiii. 17.

Where the spirit sinks stayed ; still to soar through  
the Screen,  
In the yearning on-gaze for the mystic unseen ?

## X

There are tears,\* though the source be profound, or  
on high  
'Midst the crags of the wild, in the thunder-  
charged sky.  
It is well to weep tears if the heart be but weak ;  
But better is strength ; and there is, if we seek.

## XI.

Enough of sweet weakness ! There's strength, there  
is life :  
In the rich heart of Nature all elements rife.  
There is fire in the breast, though it swell with a  
sigh.  
Let the flame rise and soar : there is air, there is  
sky.

## XII.

It must on with its mission, unstayed even here,  
Where ever-fresh beauty grows ever more dear ;

\* "Sunt lacrimæ rerum ; et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Where the hills and the valley, all sweet summer  
even—  
Are they not as the hills and the valleys of heaven?

## XIII.

O hills of the heroes! to tread the free wild  
Is to track the proud steps of its champion, its child;  
And the old days of deeds start from heather and  
moss,  
With the gleam of the sword in the Vale of the  
Cross.\*

## XIV.

O for one day of deed! O to breathe the bright  
hour—  
Swords and steeds, and command—the will armed  
with the power—  
And to pour through the valley the rock-rending  
strain  
Of vollied artillery—speaking to men!

\* It appears to have been recorded in the inscription on the Pillar of Eliseg, erected in the ninth century, and still standing, near Valle Crucis Abbey, that Eliseg recovered his inheritance, Powys, by his sword—"Ipse est Eliseg qui recuperavit hereditatem Powsie post mortem Cattelli per vim e potestate Anglorum. . . . gladio suo."

M

## XV.

Spread, field of the armies of nations, spread wide,  
When the battle of ages again shall be tried !  
Spread, Marathon,\* spread !—let the hills leave the  
coast,  
That the priests and the tyrants may gather their  
host !

## XVI.

O ! the sun that shall set on the long day of blood  
Shall rise on a brighter, bathed pure in the flood.  
O ! the sunset of earth, flashing out, like the leven,  
Shall dawn on the mountains and valleys of heaven.

## XVII.

Long, bright day of heaven and of love, thou shalt  
beam  
With the light of her look, who shall then be no  
dream —

- \* “The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free.”

(See *Col. Squire on the Valley of Marathon*, paper in  
“Walpole's Memoirs.”)

Unlike *her*, the meteor that fell as it gleamed,  
But like her an angel, and all that she seemed.

## XVIII.

Ah! with ~~her~~ in the land of the mountains to stray,  
By lake, fell, and force, through the long summer  
day,  
And at eve, and the star-hour still sweeter than even,  
Through the shades, to the dream-land—ah, visions  
of heaven!

## XIX.

Torn heart, that thus throbbed in thy fulness and  
dearth,  
And feel'st but love-pangs in the beauty of earth—  
Deep heart, rise heroic—rise, burning and riven—  
Rise in hope—lo, the hills and the valleys of heaven!

## XX.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond  
Forth :  
Set, stars of the South : there are stars in the North.  
On, champion!—a new star to thee shall be given,  
And thou shalt find light on the mountains of heaven.

## XXI.

Worn and weary of earth, be thou worthy to die ;  
Be thou worthy their doom that are born for the sky.  
Scale the steep, and the bright cross to thee shall be  
    given,  
And thou shalt find rest in the valleys of heaven.

## XXII.

Fair valley ! to thee, to the peace of the vale,  
Stoops the storm-cleaving spirit, still true to the  
    spell ;  
From the heights of the eagle, still seeking the  
    bowers,  
Sinking soft as the cloud sinks in dew on the flowers.

## XXIII.

There are fields for the sword ; and the bolted cloud  
    lowers  
Darkly red on the height : there are temples and  
    towers.  
There are dreamt deeds of daring ; perhaps to be  
    done,  
And some things worth winning ; and graves to be  
    won.

## XXIV.

There's a mighty Valhalla beyond the wild waves  
Of the wide world, that dash on the dark place of  
    graves :  
There's the hall of the heroes on high—and all hail !  
But the heart, in its dreams, seeks its home in the  
    vale.

## XXV.

And beyond the fierce billows that bear the Sea-Kings  
Lies the lone Ocean-Isle where the asphodel springs,\*  
And the grove and the shore to the brave shall be  
    given,  
And she that shall bloom in the valleys of heaven.

\* Ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα. —Od. λ'. 538.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

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FADE, forms too fair, fade back into the night ;  
And flowers, that seem to spring along my way,  
And in my heart, and from my mind, and seem  
Wreathed with her own flowers fairest — fade, and  
fall,

And lie with last year's roses : they but bloomed  
To die ; they were but flowers : these are but  
thoughts.

Fade, if ye must ; but bloom ye while ye may.  
Enough, that I have seen her, and that she  
Has smiled, though with a faint and fitful smile :  
Enough, that I may breathe the air she breathes, —

The heaven — and sun me in her azure light,  
And see her bloom. And if I may not more,  
If that I may not (and I know I shall not)  
Outlive her winter-coldness — hours of mist  
And frost, ev'n in our Maying — let me die  
In dreams of what the flowers of spring might be.

. . . . .  
To lie luxurious at thy feet — to gaze  
Upon thee, as thou shedd'st the starlight of  
That midnight blue, through that long silken fringe,  
Upon me, as thou droop'st thy locks upon  
My face — to hear thy tones, and, dearest boon,  
To hold that hand, some moments unwithdrawn,  
And sealed mine own, with kiss that shall be borne  
By that dear hand when there thou layest thy cheek,  
And — yes, when on thy dreaming heart it lies —  
To breathe thy sweetness, and to feel thy warmth —  
To be so near — almost in very heaven —  
Only these floating, fleecy clouds between —  
These few, soft, floating, fleecy clouds of heaven —  
Shot through by thoughts — ah Heaven that  
thoughts were lips! —  
Of half such bliss was never mortal man  
Half worthy; of the boundless, better bliss  
Was never angel.

Is not this enough  
On earth? And do I dream a hope of heaven  
Made real on earth? It seems almost enough  
To die of luxury, in the thought of *more*.

That thought of *more* — might that be aught like  
hope —

That hope were heaven.

And if that may not be,  
Be mine, if aught more may, to lay my head  
But once — but that for ever — in her lap,  
To feel myself one moment there — to think  
*Where*, and to die.

FINIS.

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